

The STAGE



AUGUST 27, 1958

& BYSTANDER — (2/-)

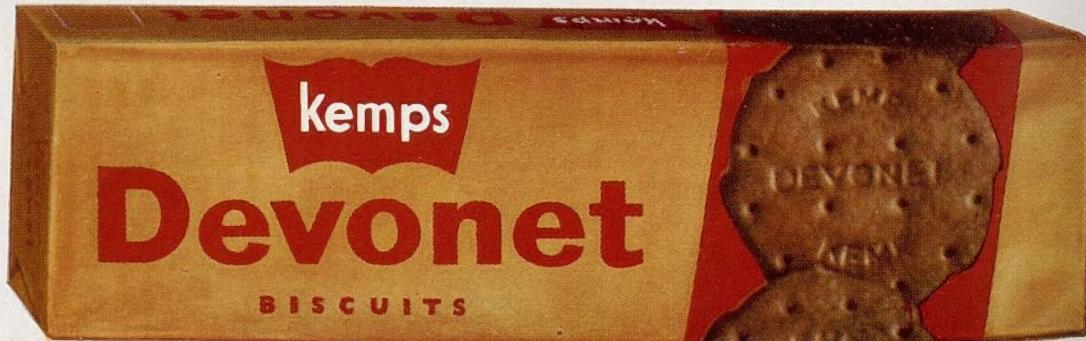


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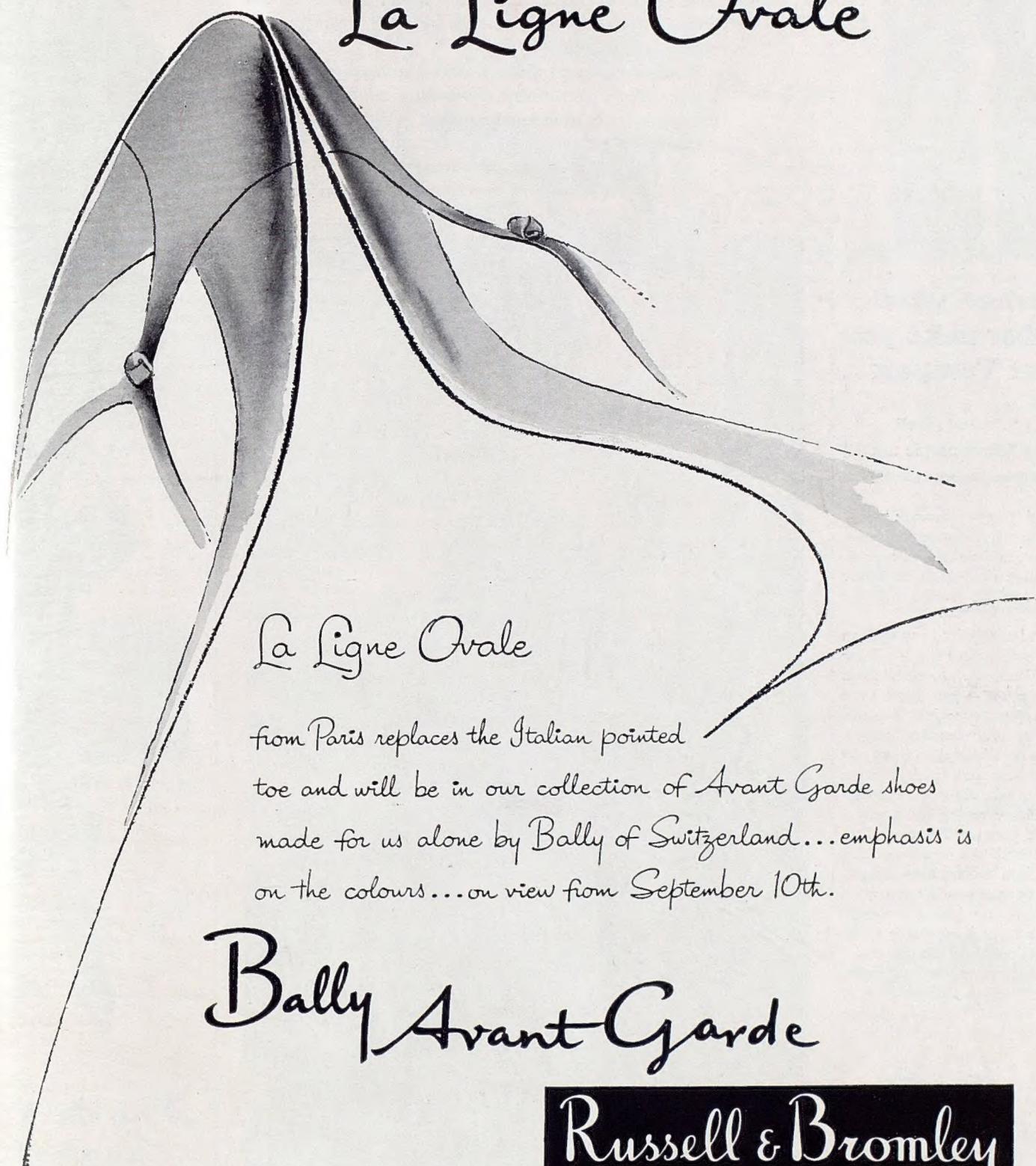


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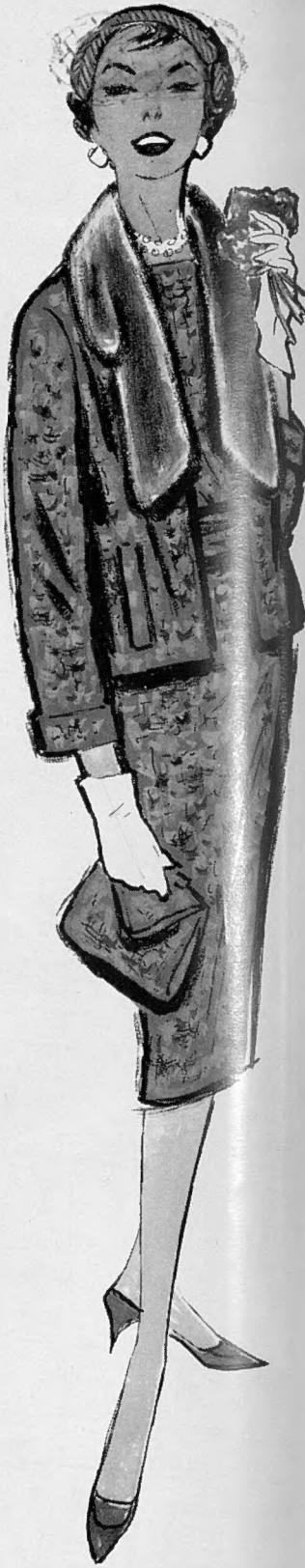
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WHERE to Go ... WHAT to See

Planning your programme

BY ANDREW HALL

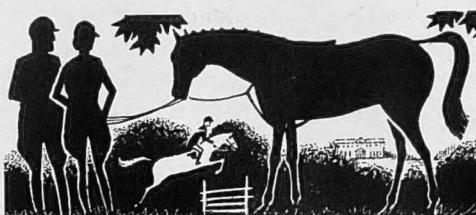
AUGUST is established as Scotland's month, but September has a claim too. For a start, Edinburgh's International Festival overlaps into next month (up to 13 Sept.). This year the outstanding production is *The Elder Statesman*, the T. S. Eliot play which had its première this week. It was of course at the Festival that *The Cocktail Party* (1949) and *The Confidential Clerk* (1953), other controversial Eliot plays, were first seen. For fuller information about the Festival consult the British Travel Association (tele. MAYfair 9191).

In addition September in Scotland has the Aboyne Highland Games (3 Sept.) and the Royal Braemar Highland Gathering (4 Sept.), both in Aberdeenshire. The Queen generally attends the Braemar Gathering. Grouse shooting is of course well under way and on 1 September another game season starts—partridge shooting, which continues till the end of January. The uninitiated may care to note that it is unlawful in England and Wales to kill grouse, hare, partridge or pheasant on a Sunday.

The equestrians' summer continues after the Dublin Horse Show; the Harewood Three-Day Horse Trials, in Yorkshire, begin on the 4th. The angling season opens this month too. This

is hare-hunting on foot, and recommended only to the sound in wind and limb.

But the September outlook is on the bleak side for those who are confined to town—like myself. Personally the only two events that will endear this month to me are (1) my birthday and (2) *Auntie Mame* at the Adelphi. This Broadway



show brings Beatrice Lillie (see p. 353) and Florence Desmond back to London on 10 September.



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(from recent contributions):

Endorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

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BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

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BY ELSPETH GRANT

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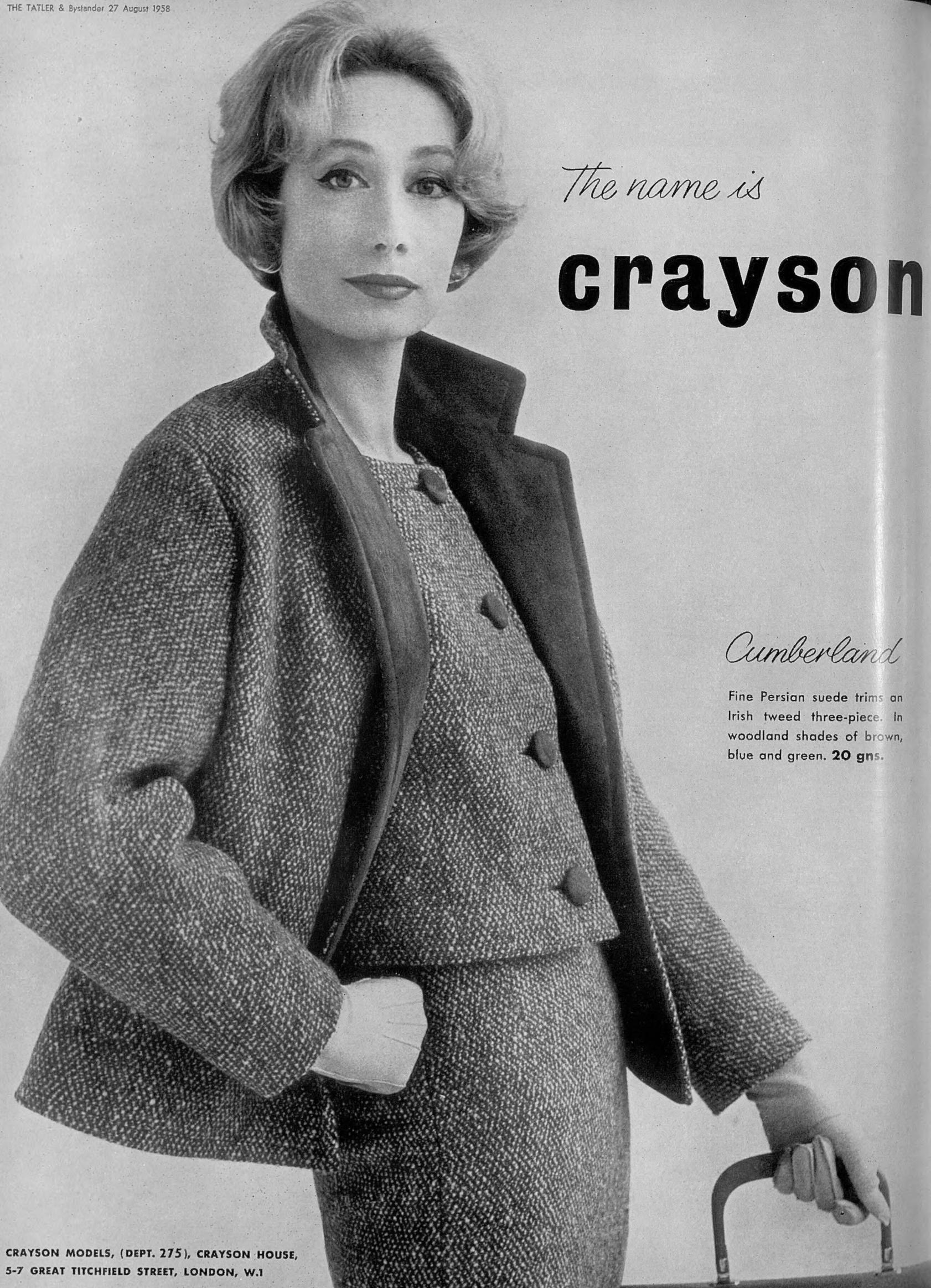
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The TATLER

& STANDER

Vol. CC CIX. No. 2981

27 August 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



Angus McBean

PERSONALITY

Auntie Mame

BEATRICE LILLIE (Lady Peel) is one of those personalities who have been so successful so long that it has become necessary to introduce her to a new generation. Yesterday she opened in Oxford in her Broadway success, *Auntie Mame*, which comes to London on 10 September. When she takes her curtain at the Adelphi she will be able to count back 44 years to her first London appearance—at the old Alhambra.

Beatrice Lillie is the widow of Sir Robert Peel. They were married in 1920 and he died in 1927. Their only son was killed on active service in 1942. Though she was born and educated in Canada and has become a top cabaret star in the United States, Bea Lillie (as she is always referred to) retains

her connection with England—where she first made her reputation, in comedies. She has two homes here—a flat in Park Lane and a house at Henley-on-Thames. Her last London appearance was four years ago, in *An Evening With Beatrice Lillie*.

One of Bea Lillie's most memorable successes was the Noël Coward play of the late 1920s, *This Year Of Grace*. In this she was understudied by Florence Desmond, who appears with her in *Auntie Mame*.

Her sense of comedy is individual and off-beat. A hint of it is given by this picture, in which she uses a couple of lilies as a telephone.

For another coming event in Show Business, see page 363


Williams—Anderson

Miss Catriona Garrett Anderson, elder daughter of Sir Colin & Lady Anderson, Admiral's House, Hampstead Grove, London, married Mr. John Williams, only son of the late Mr. W. E. Williams & Mrs. Williams, Oak Avenue, Bath, at St. John's, Church Row, Hampstead


Morrison—Snow

Miss Frances Mary Snow, elder daughter of the late Mr. & Mrs. Wilfrid R. Snow, Unley Park, South Australia, married Mr. Alasdair Morrison, second son of the Right Hon. W. S. & Mrs. Morrison, Speaker's House, Westminster, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bridegroom's father is Speaker of the House of Commons


Reid—Boodle

Miss Catherine Fleetwood Boodle, youngest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Carmichael Boodle, Quakers, Peaslake, Surrey, married Major Peter Daer Reid, the Royal Dragoons, elder son of the late Colonel S. D. Reid, & of Mrs. D. H. Reid, Dunmar, Tighnabruaich, Argyll, at St. Edward's Church, Sutton Place


Hankinson—Keys

Miss Carolyn Anne Keys, daughter of Captain & Mrs. C. E. Keys, Lovecombe, Buckland Monachorum, Devon, married Lieut. David Kyrle Hankinson, R.N., younger son of Mrs. H. M. Hankinson, Little Claremont, Esher, Surrey, at St. Andrew's Church, Buckland Monachorum


Davies—Bevan

Miss Jane Bevan, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. T. Bevan and Mrs. A. E. J. Wilson, Langham Cottage, Oakham, married Mr. Rhodri Ponsonby Davies, the Life Guards, son of Mr. I. M. Davies & the late Mrs. E. P. Davies, at St. Paul's Church, Langham


Stirling—Wood-Parker

Miss Fiona Janetta Sophia Wood-Parker, eldest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Wood-Parker, Keithick, Coupar Angus, Perthshire, married Mr. James Stirling, son of the late Colonel A. Stirling of Garden, & of Mrs. Stirling at St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth



GIGI, the so-French novel by Colette that has enchanted thousands, is now a musical film, and the M.G.M. production will soon be seen in Britain. The *My Fair Lady* team of Lerner and Loewe have written the music; and the décor, too, is again by Cecil Beaton. He took this elegant picture of Isobel Jeans as Gigi's aunt. For those who have never read it, the Colette book is specially reviewed by Sir Hugh-Jones on p. 363.

The French collections

IN THIS WEEK'S ISSUE: Pictures and sketches of some of the latest designs from the couture houses of Paris (pp. 377-83). Also Priscilla's monthly report from Paris (p. 366). IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE: A travel feature on Switzerland in summer.... The third in the series of picture features on modern portrait-painters (subject: Carel Weight, A.R.A.)..... Dulcie Gray on Being What the Public Expects.



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SOCIAL JOURNAL

The Grande Quinzaine across the Channel

by JENNIFER

THE OPENING of the Grande Quinzaine in Deauville was an enjoyable weekend. The town looked gay in the sunshine with masses of flowering plants in window boxes and gardens, brightly-coloured sunblinds on shops and houses and gaily coloured tents for sunbathers along the famous "Plages Fleuries." As it was high tide at noon I also saw many people bathing in the sea. The harbour was full of yachts, some of which had come on from Cowes, and the racing and polo was of the highest standard each day.

It was good to see several British-trained horses running here, though the much fancied Bleep Bleep did not finish nearer than seventh in the Prix Morny, the big race for two-year-olds on the Sunday, which is always the great event of this weekend. The race was won by the outsider Océanic owned by young Mlle. Paulette Hunaut, who was thrilled at the victory, second was the American-bred Dan Cupid owned by Mrs. P. A. B. Widener who won the race last year with Neptune II, and the Aly Khan's much fancied colt Taboun was third.

Her first win in France

Young Lady Porchester had her first winner in France when her good two-year-old Bill of Rights won the £1,000 (1,000,000 francs and entries) Prix de la Vallée D'Ange in convincing style to raise the prestige of British bloodstock. The colt, who is trained by Norman Bertie, was ridden by Harry Carr who has been on so many of the Queen's winners. This was his first victory in France. Lady Porchester wearing a yellow linen suit was there with her husband. Later Carr rode another English-trained runner, Comte Charles Seilern Aspang's Monsieur Roc, also trained by Norman Bertie, which finished third to Baron S. de Lopez Tarragoña's much fancied Djericho. Another English runner was Mr. Stanhope Joel's Child of Storm, trained by the successful young trainer Mr. Thomson Jones, and ridden by the Australian jockey George Moore who finished second in the Prix de Cabourg.

Among those enjoying the racing over the weekend were the Earl of Hardwicke, Major Jack Clayton, and Sir John & Lady Musker who come to Deauville every year, as does Vera Lady Broughton who looked neat in a blue-and-white check suit. The Muskers were staying with Baron Guy de Rothschild and his wife at their charming villa, and Lady Broughton was staying with Mr. Ralph Strassburger who also has a lovely villa at Deauville.

I met Mary Lady Delamere who had come over from Six-Mile Bottom and was staying with Mme. André Mariotti, who had several runners; also Sir Brian & Lady Mountain whose horse Astrol ran unplaced in the Prix de Meautry. They were hoping for better luck later in the week with the second horse they had over there. Brig. & Mrs. Willy Wyatt who have a successful stud were over looking at some of the French studs and racing each day, and I met M. Alec Weisweiller who often sends his horses to run in England. He hoped to win the Grand Handicap de Deauville but his horses Danoise and Yorki finished second and third behind Mlle. J. Marchois' Red Arrow.

Jacques Heim's dress show

After racing on the Saturday there was no polo, so many of the women went to the dress show given by the Paris house of Jacques Heim who also have a shop in Deauville during the season, and showed their winter collection from Paris. Here I saw some beautifully designed day and evening clothes that (in contrast to recent fashions) are becoming to wear. This collection is always of interest to British women as many of the models can be obtained over here from Harrods who have a Jacques Heim Room.

Later that evening I went to the Casino theatre where there was a well-sung production of Rossini's opera *The Barber of Seville*. Jacques Bazire conducted the orchestra.

The gala in Les Ambassadeurs was an elegant affair, the women wearing lovely dresses and many beautiful jewels. Outstanding was the superb diamond necklace with a cascading motif worn by the famous beauty Mrs. Eric Loder, who was with her husband in a party. The French film star Simone Simon looked enchanting in a dress of white spotted tulle with a single pink rose; she also wore a magnificent diamond necklace.

Many of the guests from the gala came into the Casino, where seats were soon hard to obtain around the various tables for roulette, chemin de fer, or trente et quarante. There was a crowd watching the play at the big baccarat table, where play is at times high. Two Americans playing at the big table were producer Mr. Anatole Litvak, and Mr. Allan Miller of Philadelphia who also had several runners at Deauville.

I watched a really first-class and very fast game of polo for the Coupe de la Ferme Du Côteau. The teams were Baron Elie de

Rothschild's Laversine team, which included the high handicap player Senhor P. Gracida (6) and Senhor A. Gracida (7), against Mr. Lucas's Woolmer's Park team who received half a goal on handicap. The French team eventually won by 8 to 4½.

Among others in Deauville for the opening of this gay fortnight were Mme. Leon Volterra, Baron de Zuylen de Nyeveldt, and Major & Mrs. Herbert Holt who were delighted to hear his horse Parma had won at Newbury on the Saturday. Mrs. Holt looked extremely chic, and she and Mrs. Eric Loder were the two best dressed women in Deauville that weekend. I saw Mme. Jean Couturier, who has a successful stud and racing stable, with her mother Mme. Raoul Duval and her son-in-law and daughter the Vicomte & Vicomtesse Tarragon, also Mrs. Allan Miller attractive in navy blue who was spending several weeks here with her husband. They had Major & Mrs. Elydr Williams staying with them for the weekend. Mr. Charles Hughesden was there to see his horses running, also attractive Mme. Tibergeron, Baron Louis de la Rochette who flies to Deauville in his private plane, his cousins M. & Mme. Pierre Chevalier who



TOKEN IN GIBRALTAR.—The Flag Officer of Gibraltar, Rear Admiral Foster-Brown, received the C.B. from the Governor, representing the Queen. With him is his wife

Comtesse de Boisgelin, Senhor Porfirio Rubirosa who was watching the polo with his pretty French wife; Comte & Comtesse Gerard de Chavagnac, Mr. & Mrs. Selim Zilkha who had their two young children out there for several weeks; Major & Mrs. Mills who divide their time between their homes in Rouen and Gloucestershire; and Mr. James Murray, from the British Embassy in Paris.

The Grande Quinzaine ends on Sunday with the Grand Prix de Deauville.

Rain thinned the grouse

Much of London's social life has now moved to Scotland, where grouse shooting opened very quietly on the Twelfth as birds are scarce this year owing to the bad weather during the nesting season. There was no shooting over the Royal moors around Balmoral, where the Queen and Prince Philip and their children were not due to arrive until the following week, and many other moors postponed their start for a week or until later in the month. The biggest bag I have heard of on the opening day was at Quaich in Inverness-shire where Viscount Bearsted, his two brothers and a party of friends shot 90½ brace. The Earl of Inchcape and his party of five guns bagged 62 brace over Glenfernate, and Mr. Frank Douglas with Mr. Tom Burrell and a party of six guns on Lochan shot 60 brace. On one of Mr. K. O. Hunter's moors at Garrows three guns bagged 26 brace. Others shooting over their moors on the Twelfth were the Earl of Rosebery and the Marquess of Tweeddale in Midlothian, Sir Ian Walker and his young son, and Sir John Forbes in Aberdeenshire, Major Greville Stewart-Stevens who had the Earl of Mansfield, Lord Forteviot and his stepson-in-law Major Penn shooting with him over Balnakeilly in Perthshire, and Sir Edward Wills on Meggernie.

Scotland's first ball

The first dance of the season in Scotland was given by Mr. & Mrs. Alistair Balfour at their lovely home, Dawyck, in Peeblesshire for his nieces Miss Grania Gurievitch (a charming American girl who wore a very full embroidered white organza dress which showed off her deep suntan and raven hair beautifully), and Miss Patricia Norman (who is very fair and wore a dress of palest blue paper taffeta). Dawyck is famous for its beautiful old trees, and many of these, like the garden and house, were floodlit for the dance; and happily it was warm enough for



TOURISTS IN VENICE.—Snapped in St. Mark's Square are Princess Josephine Lowenstein, Prince Juan of Bourbon-Sicilias, Princess Christiana, Prince Alois, Princess Monica Lowenstein and Duke Carl Von Wuerttemberg

have a villa at Deauville where their pretty daughter Jeanne was staying with them, and M. & Mme. Killian Hennessy; Mme. Hennessy, a daughter of the late Sir Richard Cruise, also races in this country, and had very optimistic news of her chasers who will be competing in the big events this winter.

The Maharajah & Maharani of Jaipur were watching the polo with her brother the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, and I also saw Dr. & Mrs. Leonard Simpson who were spending a couple of weeks here; Mr. & Mrs. Malcolm Vaughan who had come in their yacht; Mr. & Mrs. Peter Cusick, over for the weekend before they sailed for America in the *Liberté*; Mr. & Mrs. Lionel Cecil talking to Mrs. Tom Nickals; Mr. Garry Booth Jones, Mr. "Sandy" Seratchley, Capt. Cyril Hall, Comte Guillaume d'Ornano, Comte &

guests to stroll about and admire them. The exquisite flowers in the ballroom, supper room and sitting-out rooms had been gracefully arranged by Miss Penelope Norman, another niece who had come up from Hertfordshire for the occasion. Mrs. Balfour, attractive in a beautiful Victor Stiebel dress of red chiné taffeta, was a wonderful hostess.

Many friends in the neighbourhood brought large parties including the Earl & Countess of Wemyss & March, with whom was their daughter Lady Elizabeth Charteris, who really came out at this ball. I hear they are giving one for her at Gosford House, their home in East Lothian, next year. Lady Mary Gilmour brought a large party including her attractive débutante granddaughter Lady Sarah Jane Hope, who has been a tremendous success this season, and Major & Mrs. Patrick Telfer-Smollett from the west of Scotland. Lord Glencorner brought one from Glen, and Col. & Mrs. Wolfe Murray from nearby Glenterne. The Earl & Countess of Dalkeith just back from Italy (the Countess looking beautiful in pale blue chiffon) also brought a big party including Miss Eliane de Miramon, Miss Sally Croker-Poole and Miss Frances Gordon Duff, whose parents are giving a ball for her and her cousin at Meldrum House on 1 September.

[Continued on page 358]



TEAM IN AMERICA.—Mrs. Angela Bonalack (right), of the British Curtis Cup golf team, with Miss Barbara McIntire of the United States. They drew their match. Britain retained the trophy



John Cundy on Grey Knight (he won the leading-rein class) received his cup from Alderman J. A. Trevolyan Leak, a member of the show committee



Philip Saunders (he rode Miss Muffet in the leading-rein class) with his mother, Mrs. T. Saunders. They live at Fontwell, near Arundel



The Brighton Horse Show and South of England jumping championships were held in the Sports Arena. The Duke of Norfolk was president of the event, and the duchess and one of their daughters, Sarah, competed. Above: Colonel J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby (he is the trainer to the British Olympic jumping team) and Miss Mary Ann Cannell. She was a competitor

Brighton's Horse Show



Miss Pamela Young on Discovery. She comes from Brookmans Park, Hertfordshire



Miss N. McGee on Bridlewise. She competed in eight events. Her home is at St. Anne's Court, Chertsey



Mr. Tom Brake was thrown from his mount, True Blue, during one of the jumping events



A. V. Swaebe
Atlanta Foxwell (2), is the younger daughter of Mr. Ivan Foxwell, the film producer, and his wife Lady Edith Foxwell. Their elder daughter Zia is a debutante

Other People's Babies



A. V. Swaebe
Mrs. Geoffrey Akroyd with her 7-month-old daughter Sara Catherine. Mrs. Akroyd is the daughter of Mr. H. Berens, a City financier. She also has a son, Mark Timothy (3)



Lenore
Charles Blackwell (6) and his sister Caroline (4). They are the children of Mr. & Mrs. Thomas F. Blackwell, Langham Hall, Bury St. Edmunds

Others enjoying this lovely ball were Viscount & Viscountess Melgund, Admiral Connolly & Lady Mary Abel Smith, Mr. John Menzies and his very attractive wife, Mr. & Mrs. Charles Younger, Lady Meriel Douglas-Home, Sir John & Lady Clerk of Penicuik, and Mr. & Mrs. Julian Jenkinson who were staying in the borders for the Eton Ramblers Cricket Week. Among the many young people there were Capt. Nigel Pease, who is A.D.C. to the G.O.C. Scottish Command, Miss Sarah Askew, the Hon. Diarmid Guinness, Lady Fiona Crichton-Stuart, Miss Lavinia Morton up from Norfolk, Mr. Robin Kenyon Slaney, Miss Janet Scrymgeour-Wedderburn (a débutante next year), Miss Georgina Home Robertson who is having her coming-out dance at her home Paxton House in Berwickshire on 27 September, the Hon. Ian Bennet, Miss Sally Black, Miss Georgina Scott, Mr. Andrew Kerr, Mr. Michael Laird, Mr. Simon Scott, who is in the Royal Scots Greys, and Miss Tessa Prain who is having her own coming-out ball at Mugdrum, Fife, next Friday, 29 August.

Families at the seaside

When I was in Bembridge recently I stayed at the Pitt House Club. This is well run by Mr. & Mrs. William Clegg and is a great asset to Bembridge, as they have a wonderful Viennese chef, and if housekeeping or staff become tedious you can always come here to lunch or dine. Everyone was talking about the dance that was given here on the first Saturday of Cowes Week. It was such a tremendous success that it is now to be an annual event. Fellow guests staying when I was there were Sir Derek & Lady Gilbey and their young son Gavin, Col. & Mrs. Robert Rivers Bulkeley, Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Rank and their young family and Capt. Franklin Ratsey, R.N., who was off sailing his sloop *Evenlode* each day. Major McNeill & the Hon. Mrs. Cooper-Key and their sons were arriving as I left; the boys are busy learning to sail. Others who have been staying here include the Countess of Durham, the Dowager Countess Jellicoe, and Mrs. Liaf Abel-Smith and her sons.

Many people have bought or built homes here recently, among them Viscount & Viscountess Vaughan who have bought a house which Lady Vaughan has redecorated with great taste with a fine view over the sea. Lord & Lady Fairfax of Cameron have bought a house in Swain's Road and their children were on the beach whenever weather permitted, Mr. & Mrs. Patrick Stirling and Mr. & Mrs. Michael Crichton both have new homes here which I did not have time to see, and Sir Marcus & Lady Mander have also built a new home in Bembridge. Col. & Mrs. James Allason have made their house charming (it is near the harbour).

A "coastguard" home

I saw the adjoining houses, superbly sited, of Mrs. Bill Curling and her brother Sir Antony Bonham, whose young families enjoy each summer here. Lady Gunston who has a beautiful home near the harbour has recently cleverly converted two coastguard cottages. Earl & Countess St. Aldwyn have a house in Ducie Avenue and he has a fine new boat this season which he took round

to Cowes. Col. & Mrs. Philip Tower and Mr. & Mrs. Michael Sacher, who recently launched their new motor-boat built by Keith Nelson, also have houses in Bembridge, while the Earl & Countess of Malmesbury have had the original idea of living on a houseboat here during the summer.

I went to a delightful cocktail party given by Col. & Mrs. Charles Wainman who have made their house in Ducie Avenue unusually attractive. Col. Wainman, a keen and clever gardener, has also made a lovely garden, graciously laid out, with splashes of colour everywhere. But the most beautiful home I visited in Bembridge was Mr. & Mrs. Patrick de Laszlo's, also in Ducie Avenue. This is an old house originally designed by Inigo Jones, and the de Laszlos have built on to it (they have a charming family of five and needed more space) without losing any of the character. They have also added a large sunroom, on the wall of which was the most prolifically flowering flame pink geranium I have ever seen.

Inside, the house is exquisite. Mrs. de Laszlo has chosen extremely pretty wall-papers, attractive colourings for her carpets and furnishings, and used mirrors cleverly, and to cap all the walls are hung with some of their fine pictures.

Christmas card contest



FIRST PRIZE



SECOND PRIZE

I recently had an interesting and original job when I helped Lady Birdwood, Lady Hoyer Millar, Mr. Edward Seago and one or two others, judge a Christmas card competition. This was organized, as it has been for several years, by the Adoption Committee for Aid to Displaced Persons, and all the entries were the work of displaced people. They were so good that it was difficult to make a choice from the large number submitted. The winner whose card you see pictured here (which will be printed in blue and black), was Frau Vera Solyinossi-Thurza, a Hungarian who trained to be an art teacher, but when qualified in 1947 was not allowed to teach because of family connections. In the 1957 Revolution in Hungary she escaped to Vienna with her six-year-old younger son, though she had no friends or relations in the West. She received a scholarship from the Ford Foundation to complete her studies at Munich University and is supplementing the grant, on which she lives, by doing illustrations of all kinds.

The second winner was Benjamin Ancans, a Latvian who contracted T.B. in a German concentration camp, and the adoption committee have helped him to get a scholarship

[Continued on p. 360]

COMING-OUT for Miss E. Houston (below)
PARTIES for Miss C. Garforth-Bles (right)



Col. John & Mrs. Blakiston Houston with their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Houston. They gave a coming-out party for her at Belcham Castle, Co. Tyrone



Mrs. Francis Widdrington was At Home for her daughter, Miss Christian Garforth-Bles (above) at Newton Hall, Newton-on-the-Moor, near Morpeth, Northumberland



Lord O'Neill, of Shane's Castle, Co. Antrim, with Lady Anne Nevill. She is the daughter of the Marquess of Abergavenny, of Eridge Castle, Tunbridge Wells



Left: Miss Lucinda Blackett (she is the daughter of Major C. D. Blackett, Halton Castle, Corbridge) and Mr. Bryan Dykes. Right: Miss Jane Hill-Walker with Mr. Billy Stanier. He is in the Welsh Guards



C. C. Fennell
 Lord Dunleath, of Ballywater Park, Co. Down, with Mr. & Mrs. Rodney Windsor



Van Hallan
 Left: Mr. Peter Bell with Miss Jennifer Haggerston. She is the daughter of Sir Carnaby de Marie Haggerston, Bt. Right: Miss Gay Tilney and Mr. David Wood

to a technical school in Hanover. The third prizewinner is Frau Traude Teodorescu, a Czech by birth who is now married to a Rumanian exile and has two sons. She was a student in Vienna when the war broke out and did not return home until 1945. When the Russians overran Czechoslovakia she had to leave and escaped to Germany. The fourth prize went to a Polish ex-concentration camp victim Capt. S. Chojmacki, who is suffering from advanced T.B. and still lives in a displaced persons camp.

These are only four of the many thousands the adoption committee is helping. The committee has Lady Harding as president, Lady Caccia vice-president, Mrs. Victor Goodman chairman and Lord Denman treasurer, and their headquarters are at 227 Edgware Road. The Christmas cards, which are beautifully produced, will be on sale next month from the headquarters, and all the proceeds go to the aid of displaced persons.

American visitors

Two American admirals who made many friends in England during their service over here have been revisiting this country with their wives. The first is Vice-Admiral & Mrs. George Henderson. He was deputy Commander-in-Chief of U.S. naval forces Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean, with headquarters in Grosvenor Square, from 1947-50. After leaving London he took command of the U.S. fast carrier task force in the Korean War and was awarded the U.S. Navy's second highest decoration, the Distinguished Service Medal. When they lived in London the Hendersons entertained a lot and I met them at most of the big diplomatic parties. Since he retired they have made their home in La Jolla, California.

Another visitor is Vice-Admiral Walter Stratton Anderson and his wife who have been visiting friends in the country, and are now staying at Brown's Hotel until early September. Admiral Anderson, who is in his seventies, retired after the last war and then lived at Grosvenor House for several years; he has the distinction of having been American naval attaché in England during three reigns. He was also a very fine lawn tennis player and took part in international naval matches.

A Polish ballet

I went to the opening night of Feliks Parnell's Ballet from Poland which is now giving a four weeks' season at Sadler's Wells Theatre. I enjoyed the evening, as although it is not to be compared with the Royal Ballet, it is a colourful production and the company (especially the men) dances with verve and energy. The programme began with "Peasant Wedding," a lively piece full of local colour, and ended with the whole company in "Harvest Festival" which is original and gay. A modern *pas de deux* entitled "1940" must have brought poignant memories back to many of the audience. It portrayed how, during the German occupation, many Polish artists of the classical ballet found themselves out on the street, and they had no choice but to dance, rather surreptitiously, in the courtyards.

HOME Three generations of the Tennyson family met at a party held to mark the restoration of Bag Enderby Church where the poet's father was rector. *Front row:* Rosamund and Mrs. Hallam Tennyson, Sir Charles Tennyson, Mrs. E. C. Tennyson-d'Eyncourt and Lord Tennyson. *Standing:* Mrs. D. Allhusen and Mr. Hallam Tennyson with his son, John



Van Hallan

HORSEWOMAN Lady Sarah Fitzalan Howard (left), 16-year-old daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, is a member of the British team taking part in the European junior show-jumping championships which open in Hanover tomorrow

HOSTESS Miss Olivia Irving (below), daughter of Sir Stanley & Lady Irving, is one of the hostesses at the 1958 Radio Show. Miss Irving was born in the Argentine and she made her B.B.C. television débüt as a Mexican girl in *The Legend Of Pepito*





NEWS PORTRAITS

MOVIN' BACK Ezra Pound (right) the 72-year-old poet against whom treason charges were brought after the war and later dropped, is back in Italy. With him here: Pascia (nine) and Siegfried (11), children of his daughter Mary and her husband Prince Boris de Rachewiltz. They sh



MOVING UP Mr. Gabriel White (below) is the new art director of the Arts Council. Son of an architect, he is 56 and a painter. Several exhibitions are planned under his directorship, including one of Russian Art at the Royal Academy in November. The photograph shows him in his Westminster office (with Miss Joanna Drew, art-assistant in his department)



Alan Vines

Services fight it out at tennis

The Army, the Navy and the Air Force held their Combined Services' championships at Wimbledon. The R.A.F. were the winners. Right: Instructor-Lt. Ian Chrishop, R.N., and Instructor-Lt. Desmond Kelly, R.N.



Brigadier M. Colvin, director of the W.R.A.C., with Commandant E. L. E. Hoyer Millar, director of the W.R.N.S.



Air Marshal Sir Denis Barnett & Lady Barnett. He presented the prizes



Major-General C. P. Jones & Mrs. Jones. He is the Vice-Adjutant-General, War Office



Major E. L. Fraser (Secretary of the Army Lawn Tennis Association), and Colonel J. C. Reed, captain of the Army team



Flt-Officer D. Varcoe, W.R.A.F., Wing-Commander E. A. Challis (hon. sec., R.A.F. Lawn Tennis Association), and Wing-Officer A. F. Arkell, W.R.A.F.



1st-Officer N. A. Swainson, W.R.N.S., and 2nd-Officer Daphne Baldwin, W.R.N.S. (she is the Naval ladies' singles champion)

Van Hallan



Colette at her Paris home. A picture taken shortly before her death last year



THE RAW MATERIAL: Gigi before she is taken in hand by her grandmother and her Aunt Alicia. Leslie Caron plays the part in the film

COLETTE'S PROTOTYPE HEROINE

*A review of the
book of the film,
the play, the hat,
the sailor-suit,
and the legend...*

by SIRIOL
HUGH-JONES

Louis Jourdan plays the sugar-Prince Charming with whom Gigi falls in love



THE PROTOTYPE of all our most fashionable-pretty darling little actresses, with their long legs, huge mouths and eyes, high cheekbone and button-noses and their astonishing look of perpetual adolescence (more's the marvel, when you think how few of them will ever see a G.C.E. again) could well have been Colette's *Gigi*. It was Colette herself who discovered the fact, when she recognized *Gigi* in the then not nearly so well-known Audrey Hepburn. And anyone with a couple of hours to spare before dashing off to see the new film version should return to the original source-book for the play, the film, the hat, the sailor-suit, the legend—the short, sleek, perfect miniature novel by Colette (Secker & Warburg, 10s. 6d.).

Gigi is a 15-year-old schoolgirl in 1899, when Polaire goes skating at tea-time at the Palais de Glace and motor-cars have dangerously wide tops to accommodate the gigantic hats worn by Caroline Otero and Liana de Pougy. Her care and education, which is arduous and strict, are in the hands of her grandmother and her formidable Aunt Alicia, who looks like a stage marquise and has a remarkable collection of jewels. *Gigi*'s mother, like all the ladies of the family, is unmarried and sings in the theatre, with no inclination to supervise the girl's training in her future rôle as "a great professional lady."

Gigi is slowly, carefully groomed; taught to be immaculately fastidious, how to eat ortolans, how to hold a conversation while eating, how to distinguish a jonquil diamond from a topaz, forbidden to wear powder or make friends at school. She shows distressingly little natural aptitude, and prefers to play piquet with Gaston Lachaille, heir to a sugar fortune. He is a worldly and rather

depressed young man with a "prominent nose, large enough to appear false" and "slightly negroid eyes" (have no fear, this is not at all how he will appear in the film) who has no luck at all with his chain of sensational grand mistresses.

Eventually, of course, Gaston realizes that piquet is not enough, and the old ladies begin to plot carefully for *Gigi* to fulfil her destiny. To general alarm and confusion, it appears she has no fancy for it, in fact "no ambition"; she loves the sugar-Prince Charming, and of course innocence triumphs. Ending with the most artfully uncompleted sentence, it is made clear that the reluctant intended courtesan, against all the rules of society, is about to break with the family tradition and achieve a sugary marriage.

The story has strong and irresistible Cinderella overtones, it is funny, cynical and tender, profoundly worldly and disabused, yet sweet—a mixture of fairy-tale and tartly ironic, calmly cool documentation. The particular charm and paradox of the book is its brisk, matter-of-fact, sparkling unshockability; nowhere a wink, nowhere a nudge, as though *Gigi*'s own spirit has pervaded the entire landscape. It is like watching a vastly competent Matron and Ward Sister training a probationer-nurse, the high comedy being that they aren't and she isn't.

And of course there is the heroine, who looks like Robin Hood and a carved angel and a boy in skirts, one of the few girls in fiction who is meant to be adorable and is no other thing. Soon, I don't doubt, we shall be seeing *Gigi* on all the buses. She's seventy-four now, but you'd never think it.

*Other reviews by Siriol
Hugh-Jones on page 376*



THE FINISHED PRODUCT: Gigi, groomed and polished to become a "reluctant intended courtesan." Audrey Hepburn was Gigi in an earlier film without music



They're stifling some of my favourite jokes

In the name of good taste more and more topics are becoming forbidden territory for making fun. But is it really good taste—or just stuffiness?

by B. A. YOUNG

IN THE OFFICE where I worked when I first left school we used to talk all the time. There was nothing much that we didn't talk about: sex, politics, religion, the America's Cup, the best place to go for lunch, all these things came up in their turn and were thoroughly thrashed out by us. One day we were making jokes about false teeth, a subject most people would regard as naturally adapted for joking—like mothers-in-law and Noël Coward's surtax. In the middle of a giggle, as it were, we suddenly became aware that although three of us were convulsed with laughing, the fourth, a rather sombre figure called Tredgold, was black with rage.

"What's the matter, Tredgold?" we asked him, subduing our mirth.

"I just don't happen to think there's anything funny about false teeth," he said coldly.

"Oh rot," we said. "Why on earth not?"

"It just happens," he said, "that my mother has them."

We began to talk about something else. We even began to go on with our work, for our embarrassment was large. It seemed for the moment that we had been caught out in the ghastly crime of Making Fun of Another Chap's Mother. Nothing of the kind had really happened, of course. We weren't even making fun of false teeth, we were making fun *about* false teeth. If, on slightly more universal ground, we had been making fun about wooden legs . . . but who knows, perhaps Tredgold's mother had a wooden leg too.

Bad Taste keeps on leaping out at one these days like that, just when one least expects it. I once wrote a play for the wireless in which one of the characters, a young apprentice aircraft engineer, was

afflicted with a slight stutter. (All right, you try writing a play with ten characters in it and no means of differentiating between them except through their voices.) The producer cut this out at once.

"We shall get *endless* letters of complaint," he assured me.

I'm sure he wouldn't have said so if it

wottahs!" I never heard of any of the several boys at my school who had a similar difficulty taking their copies of *The Magnet* and tearing them up in a rage. Yet nowadays I am sure poor Mr. Frank Richards would be overwhelmed with indignant letters from busybodies reproaching him with mockery of the physically handicapped.

He might even have been called on to turn Hurree Jamset Ram Singh into a Nordic blond; for there is nothing so insulting, apparently, as to call a black man black, and this unhappy Indian potentate was constantly being twitted about his complexion. "Inky," they used to call him, and "dusky nabob." You can hardly wonder at India's impatience to become independent of such louts.

It is no good sitting down and trying to prepare a list of what may be laughed at and what may not, for the standards keep changing in a quite unpredictable way. Fifty years ago, the staples of our national laughter were the uneducated poor, the *nouveaux riches*, the curate and the lunatic. Not one of those remains on the free list now. You may only laugh at the poor if they are criminals; and then only if their crime is a reasonably genteel one, without any horrid sex about it. There are no *nouveaux riches*, only *nouveaux pauvres*; and if there were, and if they behaved like Sir Gorgias Midas, it would hardly be the thing to draw attention to it—after all, they didn't have the advantages we had, did they? Lunatics have become the mentally sick, and it is as unthinkable to laugh at them as at the tubercular. As for the curate, he is under the blanket protection afforded to the church.

Well, it may be that we have all learnt better manners since those days, though that

B. A. YOUNG, *journalist, humorist, is 46, unmarried, and lives in Chelsea. Has written *Tooth & Claw*, a book due out in October*



Alister Jourdan

hadn't been true; but how extraordinary that it should have been true! Why, I never even referred to the boy's stutter except in a stage-direction; it was just there, like Captain Hook's artificial hand or Tiny Tim's crutch, a stroke of picturesque detail leading the emotions the way I wanted them led.

Incidentally, I wonder how many protests Barrie and Dickens got from people whose mothers had hooks or whose sons had lame legs? None, I bet. This obsession with other people's feelings is something quite new. When I was a boy I used to read about a fictional character called Arthur Augustus d'Arcy, who couldn't pronounce his r's—"Yaas, wathah!" he used to say. "You



BRIGGS

by Graham



does not stop the critics of present-day manners from referring us to those days when they want to give us a standard to live up to. The only thing is, there doesn't seem much evidence of it in any other direction. The same paper that slangs Lord Altrincham one day will hound Sir John Huggins the next, or the Dominic Elweses, until their lives must be a misery.

My theory, for what it is worth, is that all this smelling-out of Bad Taste is just an escape mechanism for people whose personal criteria of conduct have fallen so much in the last generation that they must always be on the watch for someone who behaves worse than themselves. In an age when we take dishonesty and intemperance and fornication so easily in our stride, it is consoling to be able to point the finger of scorn at a chap who has spoken lightly of diabetes.

Really, of course, there is nothing wrong at all in speaking lightly of diabetes, or even of Old Man Cancer himself. If polio were to strike me down tomorrow, I should expect my visitors to come armed with some pretty comical observations about how I looked in an iron lung, and the ones who could offer me no more than sympathetic misery would be drawn aside politely by the nurse and told that they were sending my temperature up.

I should like the papers they brought me to be full of jokes about illness, and jokes about cripples, too, and jokes about death, and jokes about religion, and race-conflict.

NEXT WEEK

Dulcie Gray

Profuse strains of premeditated art . . .

*Like Shelley's skylark, they sing a blithe treble
—but their art, far from being
unpremeditated, is regularly rehearsed. Soon
rehearsals will be specially purposeful, for shortly
after these boys of Westminster Abbey's Choir
School come back from their holidays they
are off to Norway. There, in Bergen Cathedral, and
later in Oslo Cathedral, the Abbey choir will give
a recital of English Church music*

and poverty, and railway-accidents, and the Royal Family. They would have to be funny jokes, of course, because their object would be to present these austere matters in such a light that I could accept them as part of my life, liberty and pursuit of happiness, instead of as hobgoblins constantly trying to lead me into traps. Of all

the Nazi leaders, Goering was the least disliked because, monster though he was, he was a droll one.

I want all my monsters droll, and I want freedom to laugh at them; and, in the place of honour among my monsters, I want to include the people who tell me what bad taste I show by laughing.

PRISCILLA IN PARIS . . . A MONTHLY REPORT

WHERE TREASURY GOURMETS GO FOR LUNCHEON

IT IS one of the oldest, one of the most famous and—which does not always follow—one of the best restaurants that Paris boasts of. I do not think that, under General de Gaulle's premiership, the actual Lords of Finance are great gormandizers but in the long past it has always been convenient for the lads of the *Ministère des Finances* to pop across the street into the gardens of the Palais Royal *chez Véfour*. There they were able to discuss the regrettable rise in the cost of living, or the deplorable slump in Suez, while they lunched. Véfour was already a name when Prince Charles's great-grandpapa was "prince of gourmets" as well as Prince of Wales. The décor of this old-world restaurant is slightly provincial and essentially French. There are no frivoletously illustrated menus or autographed portraits of celebrities to distract the eye and no music, hot or otherwise, curdles one's digestion, but the dignified service is impeccable, the food Lueullian and the wines have been described as "Jehovah-like, in velvet pants" (the translation is free!).

Perhaps all this is a little off the beaten track of the urgent tourist who may find the bill a strain on his exchequer, but an experience is always worth paying for. Even if it brings one down to one's next-to-bottom dollar on Monday, for *real* food one can always live on hot dogs for the rest of the week! Buy them at the Place Pigalle (pronounced "pig-alley" by the non-linguistic visitor) and eat them on a bench on the *boulevards extérieurs*. This is also an experience.

The main entrance to Véfour's is in the rue de Beaujolais, almost next door to the house where Colette had a charming little flat overlooking the Palais Royal gardens. She and her husband, Maurice Goudeket, used to entertain at Véfour's. During the last years of her life the great writer suffered from neuritis and could walk very little; the proximity of the restaurant was convenient.

Incidentally, I am eagerly looking forward to the American musical version of Colette's *Gigi* (see p. 363 and cover). Parisians remember that this is not the first time one of her novels has been produced as a musical comedy. A play was made from her early success *Claudine à Paris* and acted by a great little actress named Polaire. A few years later, complete with lyrics and music, *Claudine* was sung by Marise Fairy . . . but, alas, where are the girls of yesterday? This was 50 years ago! I suppose it was inevitable that Maurice Chevalier should be in the film.

The Irma-la-Douce

man writes another

—no music this time

GO DANCING ON A CHINESE JU ON THE SEI



What people say about him now is that "Mamo" is the youngest 70-year-old actor they have ever seen on the stage. They are quite right, but what few people know is that 50 years ago he was one of the oldest 20-year-olds that it was possible to meet. He was a tall, shy, gawky beanstalk of a lad who rarely smiled. Those were the days of his red-nosed comedian songs when he was

fighting his way from suburban *café-chantants* to the music-hall stages of the *Scala*, the *Alcazar* or the *Ambassadeurs* of Paris. The shadows of past privations and anxiety for the morrow still lingered in his eyes; he was a most serious young man, intent only on making good. He still lives for his work and tackles every new job with the whole-hearted aim of besting it! How brilliantly he succeeds we all know . . . and he knows it too but only just enough to catch up on lost time and be really young. Since serious reading has become a hobby with him he probably has discovered that, in the words of Auguste Comte: "A fine old age is the realization of a youthful dream."

All this was *à propos* of my mentioning a fine, but plain, old restaurant. Now I will mention a pleasant, but elaborate, newer one: *La Cabane Bambou*. On a warm evening—such as sometimes happens even this summer this spot (on the river at Saint-Cloud, near the bridge and just off the *quai Carnot*) is an agreeable place to dine, dance and be amused by a cabaret entertainment. With the help of bamboo partitions, gaily coloured lanterns and wishful imagination an



SEASIDE SUNSHINE at Cap Ferrat for Mr. & Mrs. Louis Rawlings (he is the London dress manufacturer). They have rented a villa there for the summer, and often entertain the Aga Khan. Right: Miss Patricia Rawlings, their daughter, with Miss Sarah Clifford-Turner

The reluctant return

from the seaside—for

instance, Deauville (right ➤)

oriental atmosphere is created. You imagine yourself aboard a Chinese junk—and aboard you are, but it is just a good old barge.

Parisians are beginning to return from the mountains and the sea but more reluctantly than usual. They are still hoping for a fine September. Contrariwise Paris theatres are opening their autumn season earlier than usual. They trust that September will be wet! One man's poison . . . *verb sap*.

Fourteen revivals are announced and of these more than half are English or American. The spotlight for novelty is prepared for Alexandre Bressort, the author of *Irma la Douce*, but this time he is not giving us a musical comedy. A girl's name furnishes the title, but which girl, and whether she will be *douce* or not, is still uncertain. M. Bressort it seems is in a bit of a flap about it; he says that *Irma* has been almost too lucky. A successful but dissident playwright! How pleasant. He has all our good wishes.

Louise de Vilmorin, on the other hand, is writing a musical comedy. The authoress of so many successful novels and films, that have been seen in London, announces that the opera will be entitled *La Migraine* with music by Pierre Petit. Jeanne Moreau as leading lady will also be a great attraction. Theatre fans enjoy hearing a famous actress in a singing rôle, a singer in a dramatic part, a tap-dancer in ballet and a ballerina in the rôle of Lady Macbeth. Since Jeanne Moreau left the Comédie Française she has played some extremely vivid parts. At the Antoine Theatre last year she caterwauled seductively on a "Hot Tin Roof" and in *La Migraine*, too, her rôle will be exciting. The plot is grim even in its bare outlines. A young singer of *café-chantant* fame is beloved of three butchers of the *Halles* (or central markets). She is killed by the very one of the trio whose love she returns! And why not? After all there is no reason why a musical comedy should not end sadly even if one does go home humming the *leit motif*.



SEASIDE SUNSHINE at Deauville. Among those watching the polo were (top): M. J. Agnelli and the Baron J. de Nervo (both on left), Madame Agnelli (leaning forward) and on her left, the Baronne Guy de Rothschild



The Peruvian Ambassador to France, Señor Hector Boza, presented the Coupe Amérique Latine to the Baron Elie de Rothschild, captain of Laversine, the winning team



Ms. P. Gracida, M. P. Domecq La Riva, Baron Elie de Rothschild (members of the team, Laversine), Baron Jacques de Nervo, Señor H. Boza and M. A. Gracida (also of the Laversine team)



The Woolmers Park team (they beat Cibao La Pampa in the Coupe du Gazon): Mr. J. M. Moreno, Mr. P. Llorente, Rao Raja Hanut Singh, Mr. John L. Lomas





ATTRACTIVE APPEARANCE is a Grundig feature. Their newest model, the TK30, will record anything from a speech to a full symphony orchestra. A special device allows double recording on the same stretch of tape for trick effects. The price: 72 gns.



EXCELLENT VALUE is achieved by Philips in their AG8109, which costs only 39 guineas. It records direct from radio and gramophone as well as through a microphone. To avoid mistakes it has separate recording and playback controls

SIMPLICITY OF CONTROL is shown by this Truvox tape-deck (the Mark IV). It has push buttons with sign labels. There is also a revolution counter which shows how much tape has been used. The deck (i.e. the recording mechanism), costs 29 guineas



The fun of recording at home

by PERCY WILSON

A COUPLE OF WEEKS ago I had a pleasant surprise. I received a package, no more than 6 ins. square and a half-inch thick, containing a reel of brown tape. It was a magnetic recording, lasting for a whole hour, of the families of my two sons who live in America. Just think of the thrill of hearing the chatter of grandchildren whom you have never even seen! I had had photographs, of course, but somehow the sound of a voice is much more intimate than a photograph or even a film. If the two could only be combined—as they will be one day—the magic would be complete.

This new joy has been made possible by the magnetic tape-recorder. It is not a new idea; it is in fact over 50 years old. But only since the war has it been developed into an instrument of realism—and at such a price and size that it is now as domesticated as the camera.

The principle is simple. A narrow tape, coated on one side with magnetic material, is carried at a constant speed past a "magnetic head". This is fed with electrical signals from an amplifier and in its turn impresses a similar magnetic pattern on the tape. On playback, the process is reversed: the recorded pattern on the tape is picked up by the head and amplified through a loudspeaker.

In domestic instruments only half the width of the tape is used at a time; the spools can then be reversed to use the second half of the tape, so doubling the playing time and bringing the tape back to the starting position again.

Different sizes of spools and thicknesses of tape are available. Usually, they contain either 1,200 feet or 600 feet of standard tape. Long-Play tape with 1½ times these lengths is also available and Double-Play tape (which is only half the thickness) is promised. The lower the speed, of course, the longer the playing time, but the speed affects the fidelity of the recording. For domestic use at present a speed of 3½ inches per second (i.p.s.) is usually adequate; 7½ i.p.s. may, however, be used when a wider musical range is desired.

With a tape-recorder, besides recording their own voice and their family's (through a microphone), many people record favourite radio programmes or a collection of gramophone records. The tape wears much longer than a gramophone record without becoming scratchy or muzzy, and, of course, you get a longer playing time. But you would probably be infringing a copyright if you were to record for other than private and domestic use.

The instrument usually has provision for

At London's Radio Show, which opened yesterday, tape-recorders now rival the radios as crowd-pullers

direct recording from gramophone or radio (you get a better result from an F.M. Tuner, which is of much higher quality than an ordinary radio set). But for recording your voice &c. you need a microphone, often an extra. An inexpensive crystal type is sufficient for all but high-quality musical recording.

You can buy a machine for as little as £50 or so, just as in one's youth one could buy a box camera for a few shillings. For more flexible use, however, one should expect to pay something between £50 and £90. When choosing, there are some important points to check. Is it noiseless mechanically? Do the tape spools run evenly and without wobble? Is there overheating (do the spools become more than just warm after, say, half an hour's run)? Does the tape thread simply and positively from one spool through the slot and on to the other spool? Or is there a risk of "spilling" tape either when threading or when stopping the machine? Is there a device to indicate the volume level of the recording—either a meter or a magic eye? (Too high a level causes severe distortion, while too low brings up noise). Is it possible to switch on the amplifier without running the tape (you will need this to set the level before beginning to record)? Is there a pronounced hum from the loudspeaker when you set the volume control to maximum? Is there a pronounced hiss when playing? Are the controls easy to operate? And noiseless? Is there a safety device to make you think twice before you obliterate a recorded tape by switching to "Record" instead of "Play-back"?

Other points you could only check by reference to a test report by a competent reviewer. Such are: Is the frequency range from bass to treble adequate? Is distortion low? Is the speed reasonably constant or is there undue "wow" and "flutter"? Is the design likely to prove reliable for a lengthy period?

Some people are scared to operate a recorder and particularly to talk into a microphone. But it is not really tricky, and makers' instructions are usually easy to follow. Your first hurdle will be to persuade yourself that you are not so golden-tongued as you have thought: you will almost certainly think that the recording of your voice sounds terrible. You can console yourself with the assurance that everyone else has the same feeling about their own voices. Once you are resigned to that, there are many happy hours of real enjoyment in store for you. And at the worst you can always erase what you don't like and use the tape again.

CHILDREN'S REGATTA

held at Sandbanks, Bournemouth
by the Royal Motor Yacht Club

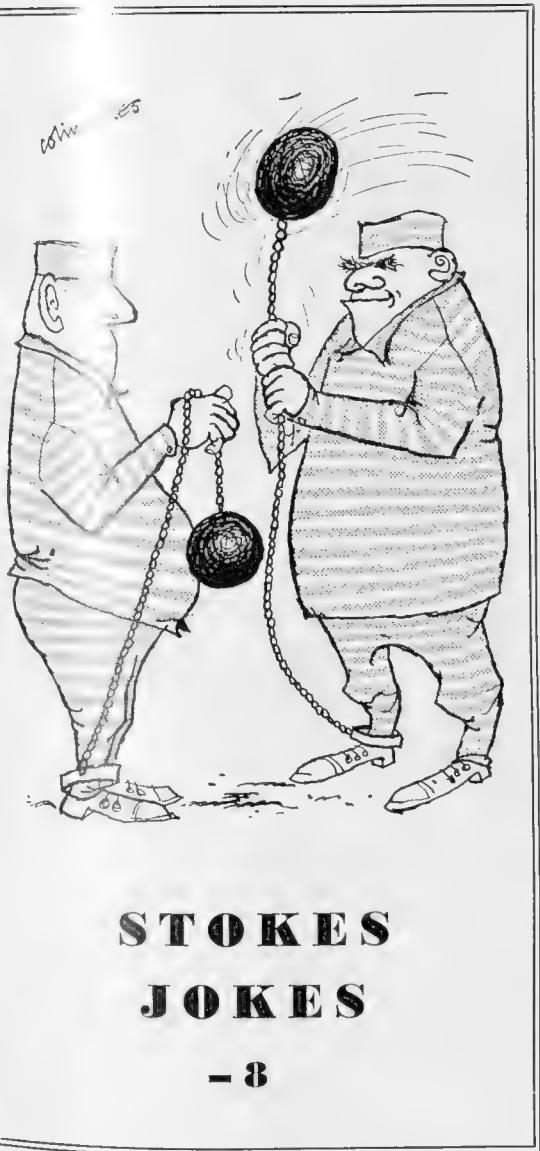


Watching the start of a race from the forecourt of the club: Sall, Timothy, Jane, Katherine and Susan Cotton. Right: All lined up for the start of the final of the rowing race



Rosemary and Richard Bonham-Christie (left). They came over from Brownsea Island. Robin Culpan (right) took part in the rowing race

Left: Melanie, Amanda and Michael Thrush (with their poodle, Teddybear). Right: Gillian, Katie and Martin Minogue



STOKES JOKES

- 8



On the grouse moors



Earl Swinton's party on the way to Colsterdale Moor from Swinton Castle, North Yorkshire. Left to right: Sir Michael Adeane (the Queen's private secretary), Lord Masham, Miss Wanda Thompson, Mrs. David Jamieson, Earl Swinton and Mr. R. W. Thompson

Right, top: Sir Michael Malcolm shooting from one of the butts on shoot at Mayshiel. He had one of the best bags of the day. Right: Hon. Mrs. R. C. Faulconer inspects the first brace of grouse shot at Strathardle, Perth



Many Americans took part in the shoots. First picture: Mr. & Mrs. Charles W. Deeds, of Farmington, Connecticut. They were members of Mr. D. A. F. Donald's shooting party at Drumour Lodge, Amlree, Perthshire. Mr. Donald is chairman of the National Cash Register Co.



of Great Britain. Second picture: At the Dalreoch shoot, near Kirkmichael, also in Perthshire. In this group were Mr. & Mrs. Webster Todd of Oldwick, New Jersey, their children John, Webster and Christie, Mr. & Mrs. Richard Croft of New York, and Mr. & Mrs. Henry Tegner from Northumberland



At Mayshiel, on the borders of East Lothian & Berwickshire, Lord Whitburgh led a party of six guns. First picture: Lord Whitburgh (second from left), with his guests and the morning bag. Middle picture:



Gamekeepers putting the grouse into the panniers of the pony that carried them. Third picture: Lord Whitburgh receives a bird from his cocker spaniel. Total for the six guns was 52½ brace



cotland
in
kshire

Whitburgh's
bottom: The
at Dirnanean,





THEATRE

The herrings are at their reddest

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

IT is an odd game for self-respecting theatregoers to play, but when the curtain falls on the new Agatha Christie at the Duchess it is not a bit of good pretending that we have not enjoyed playing it. "Your guess will be as good as mine," we begin by telling each other with an air of lofty detachment. Yet well before the interval has arrived in *The Unexpected Guest* everybody is pretty sure that his guess is a great deal better than anybody else's; and the pavement outside the theatre reverberates with the clash of rival guesses.

So long as our lofty detachment lasts we know a gross improbability when we see one. Curiously, this is the very time when we ought to be most closely on our guard. We are in a pitch-black room in a house surrounded by dense fog. A cheerful young man bursting in through the french window turns on the lights to reveal the body of a dead man in his invalid chair and a beautiful blonde holding a revolver. "Is he dead?" asks the stranger. "Yes," replies the blonde. "Is he your husband?" "Yes," the blonde replies. "Did you kill him?" and again the reply is "Yes." This, we decide at once, is too sensational to be true.

We rather pity the gullibility of the young man who believes it must be true, but then he is an impulsive fellow so much taken by the beauty of the blonde that he rashly invites trouble for himself by setting about to concoct an alibi for her. By degrees the little lady becomes quite helpful. Her husband was a beast of a man. A drunkard and a sadist, his chief amusement has been to kill at sight any living thing, a cat, a dog, or a mouse, that came within range of his revolver. He had winged a gardener and put a bullet through the hem of a housekeeper's dress. She killed him in a moment of anger at some unforgivable thing he said to her. It actually occurs to the stranger that such a man must have had many enemies. Why should a lovely woman take the rap for what many must have itched to do? Well, yes, there is the man whose child her husband killed while driving a car recklessly. He got

away with the crime because of an obliging nurse who perjured herself for his sake. His comment on the incident had been "What does one brat more or less matter?" A very nasty bit of work, the dead man, and the child's father had been so furious at the miscarriage of justice that he had taken himself off to Canada. Why not pin the revenge on to MacGregor?

The game has not yet got really hotted up, and we have time to reflect that it is a poor sort of alibi that can be disposed of by a single police telephone call to Canada. But as the family assembles in horror-stricken attitudes about the corpse the hotting up goes on at a prodigious rate. A sinister manservant, an hysterical half-brother, an adulterous neighbour, a housekeeper pointedly described as good, kind and indispensable, a Roman mother, any of these would be capable of putting a bullet into the heart of a man who ruled the house with a rod of iron. The stranger has already begun to repent his chivalrous intervention on behalf of beauty in distress when the lady herself disconcertingly reminds him that he has made himself an accessory after the fact and had better keep quiet.

We are soon in a position to begin guessing

The psychopathic Jan Warwick (Christopher Sandford), offers an eerie problem to the matter-of-fact Sgt. Cadwallader (Tenniel Evans)



IDENTIFICATION PARADE. The suspects in the new Agatha Christie thriller come in turn under the piercing regard of Inspector Thomas (Michael Golden, left). They are the housekeeper (Winifred Oughton), the unexpected guest (Nigel Stock), the dead man's wife (Renée Asherson), his mother (Violet Farebrother), the wife's lover (Roy Purcell) and the villainous valet (Paul Curran)

in earnest. Can we take seriously the wife's demonstration that she hardly knows which end of a gun the bullet comes from? Is she as surprised as she pretends that her lover is only laying himself open to suspicion because he believes he is shielding her? Is he as shocked as he seems that the woman he has hoped to win through divorce should free herself by killing her husband? Can we regard as altogether groundless the boastings of the lunatic boy that he is as capable as anyone else of ridding himself of the man who had threatened to have him put away? Might not a sternly self-righteous mother with only a few years to live have conceived it to be her duty to end the life of a son whose wickedness she realized?

We have to make our way through a tangle of confessions. What makes the passage more difficult is that Miss Christie several times during the evening carries her mystery to the verge of solution and each time holds back with tantalizing ingenuity. My own guess (there is no harm confessing) was the model housekeeper since she was the only one at which suspicion did not point directly. It was a near miss; but still a miss is as good as a mile.

When Miss Christie produces in the last ten seconds her final surprise we have to admit that she has followed throughout the game a clear principle. If only we had not let ourselves be led astray by all those preposterous red herrings we should have got on to the principle from the start and gone straight to the mark. But that would have been comparatively poor fun.

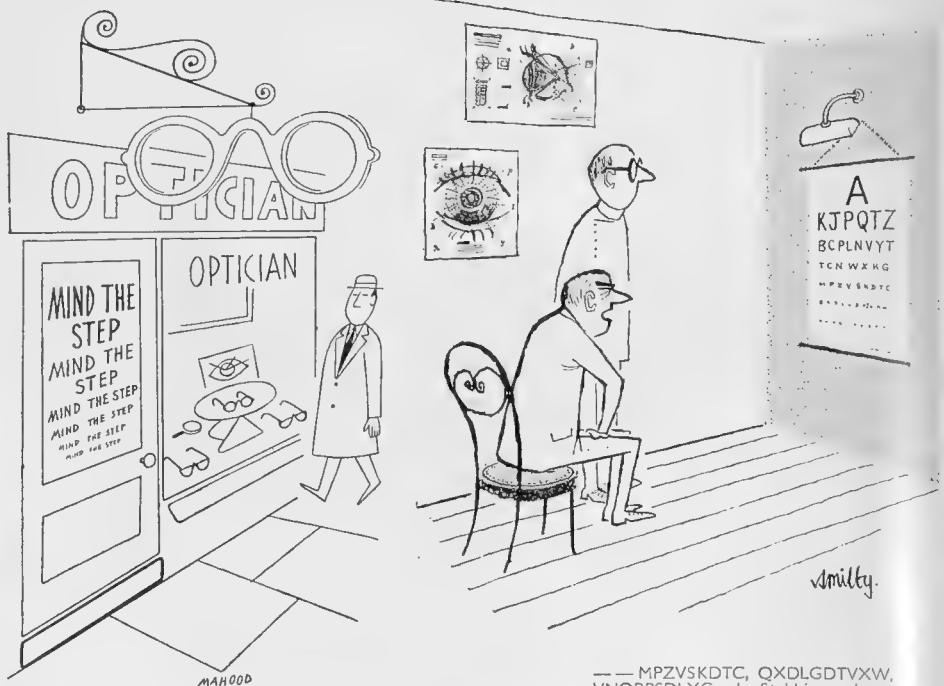
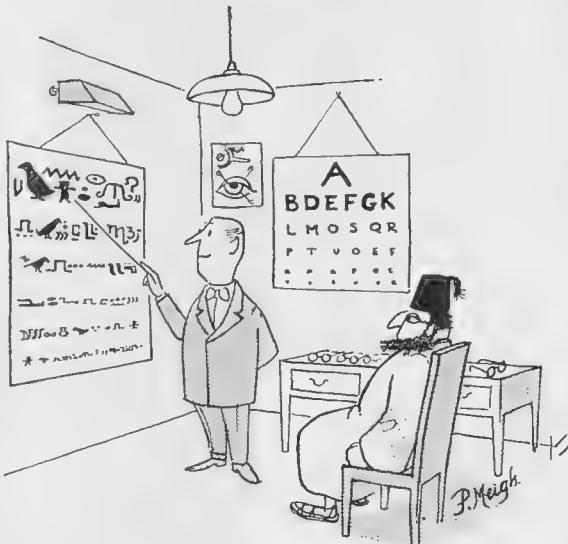
The acting is serviceable. Mr. Nigel Stock as the unexpected guest is cheerfully surprised at everything that happens to him and Miss Renée Asherson plays the wife's bewildering part with a mask of immovable naivety. Mr. Christopher Sandford, as the mentally unbalanced youth, and Mr. Paul Curran, as the blackmailing valet, give the most vivid performances, but Miss Violet Farebrother, as a powerful materfamilias, and Miss Winifred Oughton, as the deceptive old housekeeper, are also good.



Harmony in movement

This is the title of a work danced by Maria Lapinska and Edward Pokross and the photograph catches a movement descriptive of the theme. The dancers are two of the principals of Feliks Parnell's Ballet from Poland, now at the Sadler's Wells Theatre

Smile spot



— MPZVSKDTC, QXDLGDTVXW,
VNQRPSDLXG, J. Stebbin, printer,
High St., Hawsam

RECORDS

by GERALD LASCELLES

Names from the Roaring Twenties

FEW PEOPLE in jazz history are more surrounded by myth than Bix Beiderbecke. He died young, after living a life which seems to have run a close parallel to that of the "crazy mixed-ups" and "beat" generation currently populating the American juvenile scene. His Chicago upbringing in the gangster era probably left much to be desired, but he still played a magnificent horn, and backed it with more enterprising musical ideas than most of his contemporaries. There followed in his general pattern one or two significant trumpeters, Jimmy McPartland and Bobby Hackett coming instantly to mind. In more recent years I trace Bix's influence to Ruby Braff, a Bostonian player who has contributed much to the mainstream flow.

Among the prominent white musicians who grew up and learnt the hard way in Chicago, you can choose from Benny Goodman, the Dorsey Brothers, Gene Krupa, Joe Sullivan, Bud Freeman, Muggsy Spanier, and Pee-Wee Russell. All these men had much to say in the jazz language, and said it well under the strong influence of the Negro bands playing in that city during the "Roaring Twenties." The Chicago style was a definite phase in jazz history, stemming from the migration of many important groups from New Orleans to the North. The driving spirit and extreme economy of notes characteristic of this music make extremely pleasant and easy listening, and I recall with

pleasure my early introduction to the Chicagoans' records when I first listened to jazz.

Away from the ordinary trends and developments, though involved with the Chicago style, are the works of two



outstanding musicians, clarinettist Mezz Mezzrow and trombonist Jack Teagarden. Both have one important thing in common—their remarkable assimilation of the blues

idiom, generally regarded as something only copied by white musicians. Mezzrow has triumphed on more than one occasion, and is at his best in company with men like Sidney Bechet. His tone has all the vibrant warmth of the best blues exponents, and his musical background enabled him to help many of the young aspiring jazzmen 30 years ago. Today he lives in semi-retirement in Paris, where he emerged two years ago to make an outstanding blues session with local musicians. Despite his brilliance he has seldom received the critics' acclaim which he deserves, particularly in view of his unwavering devotion to the greatest of all jazz styles.

Jack Teagarden, a Texan, started his jazz career in Kansas City, but worked his way to New York, where he met most of the Chicago musicians in the late 1920s. He recorded extensively with many groups, both playing and singing, though his job kept him in big bands such as Paul Whiteman's. In 1947 he joined the Armstrong All-Stars, where he played some of his finest work. Again, his work is a close study of the Negro style, frequently paraphrased from Armstrong's style.

These, and a few others, bridged the gap between the historical and swing eras in jazz, and provided some of the most entertaining music.

SELECTED RECORDS

MEZZ MEZZROW	London TKL93092, Vogue LAE12017.
BIX BEIDERBECKE	London AL3532, 3543.
MUGGSY SPANIER	H.M.V. DLP1031, Mercury MPL6516.
BENNY GOODMAN	Vogue LVA9011.
JOE SULLIVAN	London HA-U2011.
JACK TEAGARDEN	Capitol T721, Brunswick LA8534.

N.B.—The records do not necessarily appear in the catalogues under the names listed.

NEW GROUND for Ingrid Bergman: she has her first comedy part in *Indiscreet*, partnered by Cary Grant



OLD GET-UP for Frank (From *Here to Eternity*) Sinatra. He is back in battledress in *Kings Go Forth*



CINEMA

The making—and breaking—of a star

by ELSPETH GRANT

YOUNG PERSONS who imagine it must be wonderful to be a film star in Hollywood should see Mr. Paddy Chayefsky's dismaying film, *The Goddess*, in which Miss Kim Stanley gives an unnerving performance as a young person who not only dreamed of becoming one, but actually succeeded—and much good did it do her. According to Mr. Chayefsky (who seemed reliable enough about *Marty*) the way to Hollywood stardom runs via broken marriages and the producer's bedroom to a positive hell of loneliness—and has a final over-the-hill-to-the-psychiatric-ward graph.

Emily Ann Faulkner (Miss Stanley), a small-town girl from the wrong side of the tracks, has a rather bleak childhood with no one to talk to but the cat. As a teenager she is so avid for love and companionship that any local boy who can endure her ear-bending flow of prattle about film stars finds her the easiest of push-overs. With Hollywood on the brain, she naturally falls headlong for the first man she meets who comes from the celluloid city—the drunken, morose, neurotic son of a screen star—and begs him to marry her. He (Mr. Steve Hill) reluctantly agrees to do so—assuring her, pleasantly, that he'll be hating her before the blush of the ceremony has died on her cheek. He keeps his word, too.

She divorces him, abandons their unwanted baby daughter and heads for Hollywood. There, while waiting for the big chance which seems slow in coming, she marries an amiable, patient, retired boxing champion (an excellent performance from Mr. Lloyd Bridges), who hates the place. A film tycoon (Mr. Donald McKee) notices Emily Ann in a bit part, considers her "sensual," approves her "quality of availability," and with the air of one exercising seigniorial rights, commands her to his house for the evening.

Thus a star is born. Come a second divorce, a nervous breakdown, furtive affairs, a brief, hysterical clutching at the hem of religion, an addiction to alcohol and drugs, and inevitably the attempted suicide: rich, feted by fans everywhere, Emily Ann at 31 has

nothing whatever to live for. Mr. Chayefsky, a keen observer with an infallible ear for dialogue, makes this look like a daring piece of reporting rather than fiction. The stars it calls to mind shall, of course, be nameless.

Young Mr. Brandon de Wilde (the boy in *Shane*) is good, sturdy and long-suffering in *The Missouri Traveller*. He plays a 14-year-old fugitive from an orphanage who comes to the village of Delphi to try to earn a living. He is befriended by Mr. Gary Merrill, the

This week's films

THE GODDESS—Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges, Steve Hill. Story by Paddy Chayefsky. Directed by John Cromwell.

THE MISSOURI TRAVELLER—Brandon de Wilde, Lee Marvin, Gary Merrill. Directed by Jerry Hopper.

A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE—John Gavin, Lilo Pulver. Story by Erich Maria Remarque. Directed by Douglas Sirk.

INDISCREET—Ingrid Bergman, Cary Grant, Phyllis Calvert, Cecil Parker. Directed by Stanley Donen.

KINGS GO FORTH—Frank Sinatra, Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood. Directed by Delmer Daves.

editor of the local newspaper, and is taught several pretty harsh lessons by Mr. Lee Marvin, the hardest and richest man in the district. This is a fresh, robust, uncomplicated sort of film, with some rough humour, a tense trotting-horse race and a fist fight (between Messrs. Merrill and Marvin) the like of which has not been seen since *The Quiet Man*.

One gathers from the introduction to *A Time To Love And A Time To Die* that Herr Erich Maria Remarque intended this to be the World War II counterpart of his World War I masterpiece, *All Quiet On The Western Front*. It falls far short of that poignant work—partly because whereas Herr Remarque was originally concerned only with the futility of war, he has now had to expand his theme to include a denunciation of Nazism and a declaration of belief in the good Germans' ultimate victory, politically

speaking. The issue, once crystal clear, is this time a little confused.

Mr. John Gavin plays a decent young Nazi soldier, serving on the Russian front towards the end of the war. Fraulein Lilo Pulver is the girl he meets and marries while on leave in his much-bombed home-town—and who is widowed soon after his return to duty. Both are newcomers and both show promise. Herr Remarque in person appears, a little woodenly, as a persecuted but resolutely optimistic professor. The best performance comes from Mr. Thayer David as an SS District Leader—a sickening mixture of beastliness and bonhomie. The picture entirely lacks the searing realism of *All Quiet*—Mr. Sirk perhaps has not the crusading zeal, and certainly has not the imagination and vision, of the old master-director, Mr. Louis Milestone.

It is pleasant to see Miss Ingrid Bergman in a comedy—even a slightly dated one such as *Indiscreet*, an adaptation by Mr. Norman Krasna of his play *Kind Sir*. As a famous stage star living in London, Miss Bergman is so utterly charming that one shares with her matchmaking sister (Miss Phyllis Calvert) and brother-in-law (Mr. Cecil Parker) an astonishment that she hasn't found a husband.

She does find one—Mr. Cary Grant, a N.A.T.O. official: only he's somebody else's husband, or so he says. While admitting he is in love with Miss Bergman, he tells her he is separated from his wife but can never get a divorce. Miss Bergman, glowing with love, accepts the situation and though presumably in a state of adultery, they are blissful. This somewhat shocks Miss Calvert and Mr. Parker. Then Mr. Parker, himself a N.A.T.O. man, learns through a security check-up that Mr. Grant is not married at all.

Challenged with this over a game of snooker (a delightful scene) Mr. Grant admits it: he is not the marrying kind and has invented a wife merely to protect himself. Mr. Parker supposes this is all right, Miss Calvert thinks it despicable, and as for Miss Bergman—her fury knows no bounds on hearing her lover is a bachelor: "How dare he make love to me and not be a married man!" she cries. The revenge she plans goes a little awry but has the desired effect—and the slight but agreeable entertainment has a happy ending.

Kings Go Forth is an unnecessary war film. It has nothing to do with real war or with the racial problem it pretends to discuss. But Mr. Sinatra is O.K. as a tough lieutenant in the champagne campaign on the Riviera.

Miss Olivia Worthington to Mr. Alastair Thompson

She is the younger daughter of Sir Hubert & Lady Worthington, The Pantiles, Alderley Edge, Cheshire. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Andrew F. Thompson, Little Torrington, St. Albans



Fayer



Anthea Sieveking

Lady Juliet Gathorne-Hardy to Mr. Colin Simpson

She is the eldest daughter of the Earl & Countess of Cranbrook, Great Glemham House, Saxmundham, Suffolk. He is the son of Dr. & Mrs. Charles Simpson, Seeleys Orchard, Beaconsfield, Bucks



Fayer

Miss Mary Fania McCausland (above) to**Mr. Denis Mahony, Irish Guards**

She is the elder daughter of Lt.-Col. & Lady Margaret McCausland, Drenagh, Limavady, Co. Londonderry. He is the younger son of Brigadier & Mrs. E. R. Mahony, Killanin, Kilcreest, Co. Galway

Bassano



Desmond Groves

Miss Margaret Florence Holmes to Mr. John Henry Cunningham

She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Holmes, Oaklands, Wilmslow Park, Wilmslow. He is the eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Cunningham, Chester



Miss June Chetwynd Grant (right) to Captain Robert H. Hanna, R.A.
She is the elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. L. Grant, Walton-on-the-Hill. He is the younger son of the late Col. G. B. Hanna, O.B.E., I.M.S., & Mrs. Hanna of Greenock

Books I am reading

by Siriol Hugh-Jones

THIS is my week for admiring, with enormous gratitude, almost everything. I admire **Common People**, by Philip Callow (Heinemann, 15s.) about a young man who leaves the provinces, comes to London, writes poems and discovers Van Gogh, lives in bad lodgings, is poor, marries and becomes a father in great detail (which is turning into something of a habit in contemporary fiction).

But it is not the plot that matters, especially as I do not think it altogether interested the author very greatly. What matters, or so it seems to me, is Mr. Callow's unmistakable great big burning talent for writing, his prodigious skill with putting real people on to the page, his clear child-bright eye, and his beautiful clear, simple prose. He writes about the condition of real poverty without toughness or tears, and though analogies with painting can be superficial and slipshod, I shall venture to suggest that the book has something of the quality of a Lowry landscape. I raise a loud, and far from lonely, cheer for Mr. Callow.

I also admire an extremely alarming book, a tiny, meticulous post-Freudian version of *Beauty and the Beast*, called **Mary Ann** (Secker and Warburg, 12s. 6d.) a first novel by a twenty-seven year old American. It is written with the utmost economy and precision, and is a vision of the world seen through the eyes of someone shocked out of true. "One night in March," it begins uncompromisingly, "Mary Ann Robinson was raped by an assailant whose features she could not make out in the darkness," and then moves into nightmare and suddenly, magically out again. It is a genuine, painfully disturbing *tour de force*, saved from being a mere conjuring trick by its technical skill, its tenderness, and a quality that I think is lyrical.

Robert Gutwillig, another young American, can also write, though he is a good deal more self-indulgent and goes on too long. His first novel, **After Long Silence**, acknowledges the assistance of two professors and the Stanford University Creative Writing Fellowship, but do not let anything you may have heard about Creative Writing Courses deter you. This is a bouncy, talkative, cheerfully aghast account of the lives of students at an American university in the early 50s. The pointlessness and sad lunacy of these lives depressed me a good deal, in spite of the bounce, but perhaps that is making a prim moral judgment, a thing no reviewer is meant to do. In all fairness, I think it also depressed Mr. Gutwillig a little, but cheerfulness keeps breaking in. I had no difficulty in believing every word of it.

Also note . . . that a funny book is an extremely hard thing to write, and that I think Virginia Graham has written a very funny one called **A Cockney In The Country** (Collins 12s. 6d.), a daffy, deeply disenchanted guide to everything rural for hardened town-dwellers who are not quite confident of recognizing a cow or a cornfield at close quarters . . . that **Discourse With Shadows** by J. E. Malcolm (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.) is a very tense, unrelievedly black first novel, set in Frankfurt, about a group of survivors of a Nazi concentration camp and a delayed revenge. It has thriller elements, and somehow I was not as wholly persuaded by it as I wanted to be . . . that Marie Seton's book on **Paul Robeson** (Dobson, 21s.) seemed to me so reverent that I stopped feeling I was reading about a real man at all . . . and that Faber's are issuing the most elegantly produced series of paperbacks at 5s. and 6s., including **Lord Of The Flies** (essential, if you've not read it already), **Peacock Pie**, **The Cocktail Party**, **Archie And Mehitable** and **Best SF** (some of my best friends are science-fiction fans), which is a nice wide coverage.

THE FRENCH
COLLECTIONSSumptuous,
romantic,
Imperial

So, AFTER a disconcerting, dubious interim, Paris returns to the glories of the Imperial Court for inspiration. Body lines this autumn will be long and slender; busts, high, diminutive and daringly provocative. Chiffons and diaphanous gauzes will be in abundance, and so will a bold acceptance of colour. Rich yellow silks—the yellow used so often to upholster Empire furniture—is here for evening. Velvets of an Imperial sumptuousness in rich colours are everywhere and there is an entrancing revival of Parma Violet. Furs of every description appear as trimmings and linings for every hour of the day.

Day fabrics are often bulky and longhaired; toecaps huge and high-collared. The easy-fitting waistline persists, merging naturally with the Empire line. Skirts remain as short as ever—except at the House of Dior, where Yves St. Laurent drops the hemline a couple of inches. Pierre Cardin, rapidly becoming a dictator of fashion, does no such thing. His skirts are short and slim, his collars huge or non-existent, his waistline relaxed, his sleeves three-quarter-length and cuffless. The line is severe and practical by day but romantically feminine and provocative at night. Paris has created once more a woman who is not only arresting but utterly feminine.

Left: Created by Yves St. Laurent at the House of Dior, a dress in the *style Empire* of black net mounted on white foundation and richly embroidered with jet. The high bustline is circled with a black velvet sash and a voluminous black velvet stole swathes the shoulders in lieu of a cloak.

THE FRENCH COLLECTIONS
continued

Tailor-mades have contrasting contours



DIOR (*this page*) and CARDIN (*opposite*) demonstrate the points of agreement and the points of difference. The *tailleurs* shown have bold eye-catching collars (Cardin) or none at all (Dior). Skirts can be a good three inches below the knee (Dior) or barely covering the kneecap (Cardin). But all agree on: disguised natural waistlines, uncluttered short, cuffless sleeves, rounded shoulderline and the universal use of rough textured fabrics.

The coat-dress (*far left*) is in a rough brown tweed, belted high under the bust with a *ceinture* of wide toning suède slotted under the loose back panel. *Next to it*: a coat-dress in mustard-yellow wool unbuttoning to reveal an underskirt of the same material. Worn with a huge matching stole and a hat of black South-West African Persian Lamb.

The black-and-grey speckled tweed suit (*opposite far right*) has a loose-fitting jacket, a wide neckline with a cape-like collar and a rose made of the same tweed. Available in London from Debenham & Freebody at the end of September. The coat (*next to it*) is of rough Chinese-blue tweed with a cartridge-pleated torso-line flaring into a full short skirt. The wide neckline has an inset of the same tweed.

Drawn for The Tatler
by GRAZIANI





THE FRENCH COLLECTIONS *continued*

For evening,
premeditated
provocation

Above: The revealing bustline of the Empire period is shown by Claude Riviere in this short sheath dress, called *Pauline Borghese*. It is in a parma violet lamé, with a coat of matching velvet (not shown), which has a high obi sash of the same material



Photographs by
Michel Molinare

Left: The high bustline accentuated by a crimson-velvet ribbon and a matching rose. This Lanvin-Castillo dance dress, made of layer on layer of stiffened white net, is as short as ever and strapless. Castillo had nearly all his evening dresses, no matter what their colour, worn with black silk stockings



Right: A deep, ruffled neckline is balanced by a scalloped hemline in Lanvin-Castillo's appropriately titled *Camelia*. It is of palest pink silk faille, and has a voluminous coat (not shown here) of white satin, cuffed with black mink



Left: Almost 'little girl' in appearance is Guy Laroche's coat of rough fawn tweed, which achieves the high-waisted effect with a mock bolero. The undercollar is ruched, and the coat fastened with only three large high-placed buttons. Worn with the coat is a beret of matching tweed



This suit in grey flannel, also by Guy Laroche, has a high-placed belt of black calf to give the illusion of a high bust-line without affecting the *largeur* of the easy-fitting waistline. The short, tight skirt, is extremely high-waisted. A blouse (not shown here) of Ascher's white Etchachan (a 'waffle-weave' light wool fabric) tucks into it

The 'If only I were 17' look —but it takes

experience rather than exuberance
to carry off the teen-age trend

THE FRENCH COLLECTIONS *continued*



Another Ascher cloth, Kilcardie (mohair and nylon), which has been extensively used by nearly every couturier in London, Paris and Rome is chosen by Pierre Cardin in a vibrant tangerine colour for his huge-collared coat. Fine pin-tucking gives a ribbed effect to its cape-like dimensions



The high-waist is achieved by Lanvin-Castillo in this coat, of rough brown-and-white tweed, by a drawstring which encircles the sides and back. Worn knee-length and with three-quarter sleeves, the coat has a mink collar and matching turban. Available end of September, Debenham & Freebody

And here in London . . .

Not so revealing, but still top



fashion

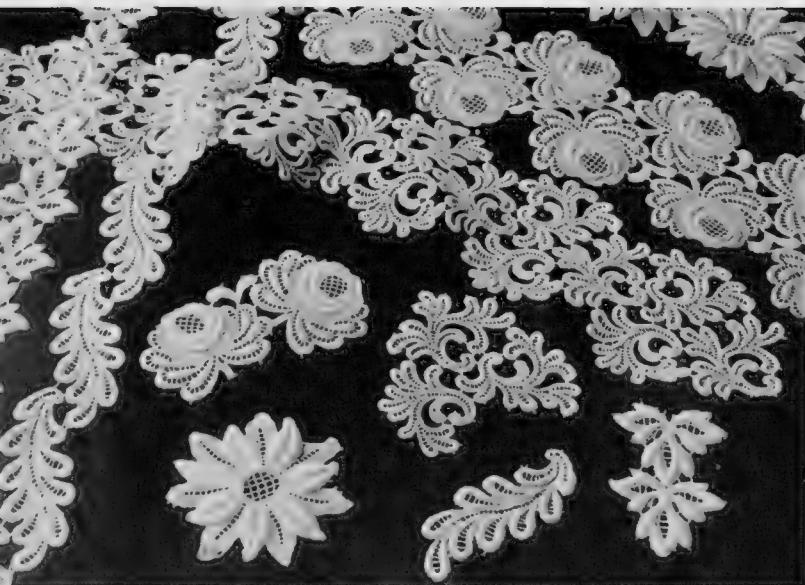
JUST AS *piquante* as the Paris evening lines, though not so revealing, this is a dress by Frederick Starke, and there is a gorgeous evening coat to be worn with it.

The gauzy dress (left) is in a clematis-coloured stiff organza, which flares out into a deep frilled hem, and over a snugly-fitted sheath slip of toning taffeta. Price: 21 gns. The coat, of printed *shiné ottoman*, is in rich purple, black and limey-gold. It stands out stiffly over the dress, and has wide threequarter-length sleeves. Price: 56 gns. The complete ensemble is from Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

The jewellery and evening bag are all from Fior, Burlington Gardens, W.1. The wide rhinestone bracelet: £5 15s. 6d.; the drop ear-rings: £6 15s. and the gilt-mesh evening bag: £6 19s. 6d. Evening gloves by Kaiser Bondor.



Photographs by
Peter Alexander



These guipure trimmings, made in Switzerland, can be bought by the motif or by the yard. They are made in white, pink, beige, light blue or grey (stars, 1s. 2d. each, 18s. 6d. a yard, roses 11d. each, 14s. 6d. a yard; leaves 9d. each; ivy leaves, 3d. each). Dickins & Jones



Amusing pictures decorate these Swiss handkerchief squares intended for removing surplus lipstick (4s. 11d. each). Woollards

SHOPPING

For a fancy finish

by JEAN STEELE



The Italian touch adds gaiety to these cosmetic and lipstick purses (large one, 13s. 11d.; the others, 7s. 6d. each). Anemones are painted on the handkerchief puff, made in peach georgette (12s. 6d.). The bead necklace costs 18s. 6d. Marshall & Snelgrove



No stitching is needed to keep the waffle cotton-piqué sailor collar in position (16s. 6d.). The tuck-in front is also made in cotton piqué (14s. 11d.). Dickins & Jones



Dennis Smith
The lids of the cigarette case and matching compacts are richly encrusted with moonstones and gems. They are finished in gilt and cream (case, £9 9s., large compact £4 14s. 6d., small one £4 9s.). Marshall & Snelgrove

SUSAN BEAUMONT (top): "Because she looked so English in the best possible way. She is not a pink and white doll, but a honey blonde with a pale golden skin. She has real natural prettiness in the best sense of that now despised word."

JOANNA RIGBY (second from top): "Because she seemed the perfect contemporary type. She has lovely brunette looks, and exemplifies the new popular 'leggy' look. She has a long, elegant figure, with curves that are correctly proportioned and all in the right places."

BEAUTY

by JEAN CLELAND

The fashion in faces

THE HANGING FACE of beauty is clearly reflected in the theatre.

Looking back through theatrical photos, we can trace the various fashions; the statuesque, the demure, the Gaiety Girl "sweeties," the chocolate-box pink and white "fluffies," and in contrast, the shingled heads and boyish figures of the 1920s. These were the types of the moment, each bearing a definite stamp. Women strove to adapt themselves to the prevailing pattern. If they achieved it, all was well. If not, their luck was out, and they resigned themselves to their dreary lot helping Mother make the jam and do the flowers.

Now all that has changed. The idea of conforming to a pattern is out. Individuality is the theme song of the moment. A theatre with many variations. "Be individual," say the hairdressers, "Make up to your personality," advise the beauty experts. "Concentrate on your own good points," cry the cosmeticians. All of which is much to the good, since this gives each woman a chance to make the most of her looks in her own way. She pays the fiddler, and she calls the tune.

An outstanding example of this swing towards individuality is in the *Revue Living For Pleasure* at the Garrick Theatre, where each member of the excellent supporting company is entirely different. So many people have remarked on this, praising it and saying they find it pleasant and refreshing, that I decided to have a talk with the man responsible, William Chappell.

"I did not want just beauties," he told me, "but individuals who, in addition to being able to sing and dance, could each in her own way, show a sense of elegance and style. Making my choice took some time, but when it was complete, I felt a sense of great satisfaction. It seemed to me a long time since a small and sophisticated Revue had offered such a variety of lovely creatures." "How did you set about choosing the girls," I asked, and he replied: "For their individuality, always bearing in mind that no two should be alike. Each girl was selected for different reasons." He gives the reasons with each picture.

As can be seen by the photos, each girl shows a different aspect of beauty, charm, personality, or whatever name you care to give to this most elusive quality.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGUS McBEAN

JANET MOSS (second from bottom): "Because of her liveliness, her huge goo-goo eyes, and her wide, dazzling, childish smile."

LINDA BARON (bottom): "Because she looks like a highly sophisticated child. She has a round, baby face, with a skin like a gardenia and a sulky mouth that breaks into one of the most radiant smiles imaginable. She is the only red-head with a fashionably controlled *bouruffant* mop of tawny hair."



LEE VERNON: "Because she is a wildly exaggerated idea of a show girl. A tall 'goddess' with a serene expression."

DEBBIE HAMILTON: "Because she is not only a personality, but a charmer. She has a neatly poised head, and an unusual shape of face, a small, narrow oval, with perky features, 'Chinese' eyes and an intensely lovely expression."

CLEMENTINE BETTANY: "Because she is not only a beautiful mover but a dream girl *par excellence*—a really luminous beauty, remote and cool, with her soft mouse-blond hair and sweet enigmatic expression."





The truth about Selling cars to America

THE UNITED STATES car market has presented an extraordinary spectacle this year. Sales of American cars have slumped while imports of European cars have broken all records. Output of the American industry during the first half of the year dropped to 2.2 million cars against 3.3 million for the first half of last year, and Detroit's tens of thousands of unemployed have stood around watching increasing numbers of European imports invade the streets of the automobile capital. Britain is the biggest supplier, with Germany second, but the Volkswagen is still the biggest individual seller among the imports, with France's Renault Dauphine running second and rapidly gaining on it. Can it last? The question has a vital bearing on the future prosperity of Birmingham, Coventry, Oxford, Luton and Dagenham, but there is no simple answer.

Despite the drop in sales, Americans are still buying American cars in millions while they buy the imports in thousands. In the first six months of this year 710,000 Chevrolets were built, half a million Fords and 201,000 Plymouths, while imports for the same period probably totalled 145,000. Against this there is the success story of American Motors, which has pulled itself out of the red by scrapping Nash and Hudson and concentrating on the smaller, less expensive Rambler range.

Studebaker-Packard too is rushing out a smaller model for 1959 and the big factories are working on radically new "small" Chevrolets and Fords for 1960-61. Engineers from the European factories of General Motors and Ford have been called into consultation, but the new models will not be American-built Vauxhalls or Ford Zephyrs; they will be completely new designs, probably of advanced conception. Nothing less would give the necessary reduction in production costs.

One thing is fairly certain; the American "small" cars will be what we regard as medium-sized models. Will they swing the public away from the imports? No one knows, for so many established ideas have been overthrown in recent years. The Volkswagen's reputation for reliability, and of course its outstanding finish, backed by good service and spares supply, overcame the apparent handicaps of nonconformist styling, cramped rear seats, restricted rear vision, small and inconvenient luggage space, a noisy engine and poor top-gear acceleration. American manufacturers themselves have abandoned long-cherished principles and their current models often exhibit

deep centre tunnels, difficult access to rear seats, limited rear legroom and restricted headroom—all features which the pundits said the public would never accept. Maybe this year's sales figures show that the pundits were right!

The picture is now one of paradox and contradiction. American manufacturers are still designing for obsolescence, and it is rumoured that General Motors will be using



The Rambler American is American Motors' idea of a small car. The wheelbase is slightly longer than that of an Austin A.55. It has a 3.2-litre side-valve engine

one basic body shell for their whole range from Cadillac to Chevrolet in 1959, so as to write off tooling costs more quickly and permit complete changes of body style every year instead of every two years. On the other hand, some imported cars are reported to hold remarkably high second-hand values precisely because their body styles do not change frequently. The biggest American manufacturers can keep a footing on both sides of the fence by importing cars from their European factories (Ford imports cars from Dagenham and Cologne; General Motors brings in Vauxhalls and Opels; and Chrysler has just bought a share in Simca). But they might encounter adverse union reactions if they were to pursue this policy too strongly while there is still serious unemployment in

MOTORING
by GORDON
WILKINS

The big Chevrolet remains the most popular car in America despite competition from small imported cars. It has a V8 engine of 4.6 litres

Detroit. Vauxhall has just dismissed 600 men, though the firm has the use of the unrivalled G.M. dealer network in the United States market. This might be due to sheer inability to expand their American sales, but it will make it difficult for the American union to accuse General Motors of importing unemployment in the event of trouble in Detroit in the autumn.

On the other hand, the independent European manufacturers seem to be full of confidence about their long-term future in the United States market. Mr. Brian Rootes summed it up for me this way: "The imports cover such an immense variety of types, sports cars of all powers and prices, and closed cars from cheap utility models to hand-made luxury cars, that the American industry could not possibly produce models to compete with all of them."

And M. Fernand Picard, technical director of Renault, sees psychological reasons why sales of European cars should continue to expand. His view may be summarized as follows: America is a conformist society. Clothes, food, houses, furniture and amusements follow a pattern among people of a given income-group. So long as a man buys an American car, the model and price also tend to fall into line with those of his colleagues. The purchase of an imported car now offers him an opportunity of breaking away from the established behaviour pattern without being regarded as odd or unreliable.

Another trend that offers scope for the imports is the growing number of two- and three-car families. Ten years ago only 1 in 20 of America's car-owning families had 2 or more cars. Now 1 in 6 has 2 or more. When buying the second car, the emphasis is often on compactness, easy parking and operating economy, all of which favours the European model. Americans now seem to have overcome the fear that they would be overlooked and run over by trucks and buses when riding in small cars, but there will probably be a move away from the smallest economy models as a result of rapid engine wear and high depreciation. Today's best selling imports have engines of 1192 and 850 c.c., but the core of the long-term market may well be for cars with engines of 1½ to 2 litres. Whichever way it develops, it seems destined to be a fickle market and it would be perilous to concentrate on it to the exclusion of our long-term interests in other old-established export markets.



The Ford Thunderbird, an American conception of a sports saloon, received the "Car of the Year" award from Motor Trend magazine. It has a V8 engine of 5.7 litres

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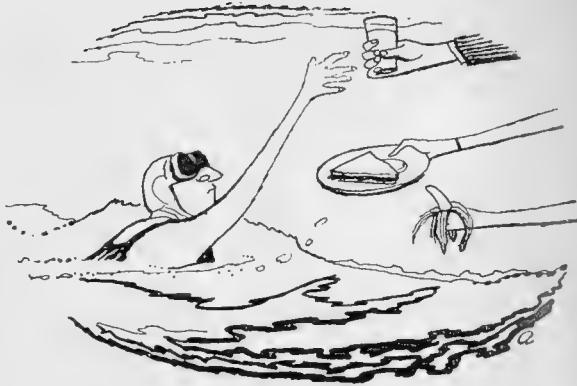


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DINING IN

Partridges—plump and perfect

by HELEN BURKE

AGAIN, the door of the partridge season is about to open and what welcome little birds emerge! There is no better partridge than the grey-legged one of this country. And, when you have perfect raw material, the best way to deal with it is the simplest. This applies, too, to our wonderful beef and lamb. I will not say anything more about our home-produced veal, except that there is some which competes favourably with that from over the Channel.

Back to partridges. Roast the first young birds and let them be as fresh as possible—at any rate, not more than a few days hung. After that and, if there are so many available at even less than reasonable prices, it may seem worth while to titivate them.

Do not wash the birds, but wipe them out with a clean cloth wrung from cold water. I assume that the partridges will be drawn. Return the liver to the bird and dust it, inside and out, with pepper and salt. Place a nice lump of butter inside the body cavity, then spread softened butter over the bird or wrap it with a thin slice of fat pork. Place it on its breast on a V rack in the roasting tin and bake it for up to 25 minutes in a fairly hot oven (400 to 425 deg. F. or gas mark 6 to 7), but test it after 20 minutes by slipping a long fork into the body cavity (not the flesh) and tilting it. If the juice that trickles out is red, give it a little longer. Partridges, unlike grouse, should be cooked through.

I frequently refer to a V rack. There should be one in every kitchen, not only for game birds but also for domestic poultry. The meaty part of a bird is in the breast and there is little point in draining off the basting juices, nor is it sensible to expose the breast to top heat. Better baste the back and let the juices run down to the breast.

I know one cook who always pierces the breast bone through the body cavity to make this slow basting a certainty.

I prefer to use butter basting on partridges because if the breast is protected from the heat by a wrapping of fat pork there is little hope of getting it nicely coloured. Some time, too, the bird must be withdrawn from the oven and the wrapper removed in an endeavour to brown it, which means a certain cooling off of both bird and oven. I vote, therefore, for basting rather than the wrapping.

A partridge is such a plump little bird that one will serve two persons very well.

To serve roast partridges: add a little well-seasoned meat stock to the baking tin and rub it around to remove the delicious residue. Heat through and pass the gravy separately. Garnish the bird with watercress. Chip potatoes and a green salad are, more often than not, the other accompaniments, but folk who really like bread sauce and browned breadcrumbs would not miss the opportunity of having them.

So much for roasted partridges. But grilled ones would be my choice. The meat is then more moist. Cut through the backbone with poultry shears or stout kitchen scissors and flatten out the breast. Slip the wing tips behind the wings and skewer them, so that the bird stays put during the grilling. Make a marinade of (per bird) 2 tablespoons olive oil, a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme, a few stalks of parsley and pepper and salt to taste. Place the bird cut surface down in this and leave it for 2 hours, basting it several times. Get the grill at its hottest. First grill the cut side for a minute or two, then grill the other side. Finish cooking at a lower heat.

Next week, I shall deal with titivating partridges.

DINING OUT

Around the Home Counties

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

HERE are some more places within a 30-mile radius of London. Their telephone numbers are included because, as I have mentioned, at weekends in the summer reservations are essential.

Essex: THE MILL RESTAURANT, Harlow, where the proprietor, Mr. Bronson—a chef in his own right—provides outstanding specialities and some fine wines (Harlow 3251).

Buckinghamshire: THE BULL HOTEL, Gerrards Cross, on the London-Oxford Road. Food, wine and service are of a high standard (Gerrards Cross 2005).

Herefordshire: THE FOXLEY HOTEL, Bishop's Stortford, where the maître chef, Freddie Graham, is the proprietor and provides first-class cuisine backed up by an excellent wine list (Bishop's Stortford 679).

THE CROWN HOTEL, Garston (near Watford). This hotel has been directed for many years by Mr. Stuber, who is Swiss and offers a wide range of Continental cuisine and the best of English foods. Some 500 wines among his extensive list (Garston 2310).

THE NO. 1 HOTEL, about 2½ miles from St. Albans at the junction of the North Orbital Road and the Watford-St. Albans Road—excellent bar and first-class food available in a paneled dining-room. Joe and Mrs. Cooney are resident proprietors (St. Albans 55943).

Surrey: DENNETTS RESTAURANT and Country Club at Tadworth—6 miles from Sutton on the Reigate-Brighton road—fork right where the sign says "To Dorking and Boxhill." One hundred yards along and you are somewhere where the wine, food and service are exceptional—Club Licence (Burgh Heath 3201). Ask for Leslie Hargreaves the affable proprietor.

THE WHITE LODGE, Blindley Heath, on the left, out in the open as you approach East Grinstead. It flies the Swiss flag, denoting the nationality of its proprietor, Henri Bally, wise in the ways of discerning gourmets (Lingfield 172).

THE TALBOT, at Ripley. A fine specimen of an old-English coaching

inn and a popular rendezvous where you dine by candlelight (Ripley 3188).

THE SWAN HOTEL, at Thames Ditton, is a thirteenth-century Free House right on the river. Large and attractive bar, good restaurant and grill room. The landlord, Ernest Cartwright, and his wife Dorothy, are gay and genial hosts (Emberbrook 1814).

LE CAFE ROYALE, 72 High Street, Wimbledon, between the Common and the top of the hill, where you can get a wide choice of authentic Continental cuisine prepared with skill by its experienced maître chef and proprietor, Edward Rampoldi, who has two Italian chefs direct from Italy (Wimbledon 0238).

THE WHITE HART at Godstone, which dates from 1370. It has two bars and a restaurant and grill concentrating on food in the English tradition (Godstone 33711).

THE WHYTE HART at Betchingley—another mass of old beams and big open fireplaces. First-class cuisine with C. H. Mathews who has been "Master of the Inn" for over 21 years, ready to greet you (Betchingley 23111).

THE OLD BELL at Oxted, where you will find the proprietor is that far-famed restaurateur Mr. Conti, only too ready to converse with you on the subject of food and wine and to provide it (Oxted 181).

THE DOG AND FOX also in Wimbledon High Street, has a large restaurant and when you get the menu and the *carte des vins* you will think you are back in the West End. Use the Cocktail Bar at weekends—the others will be full (Wimbledon 6565).

Sussex: YE OLDE FELBRIDGE, at East Grinstead, which its owners Harry and Olive Gatward, with mighty support from Mrs. Ann Standen (their manageress) have turned into a large, gay and first-class establishment with a very enthusiastic staff (East Grinstead 223).

Here are a few places I know very well; there must be many I have never heard about. Please let me know.



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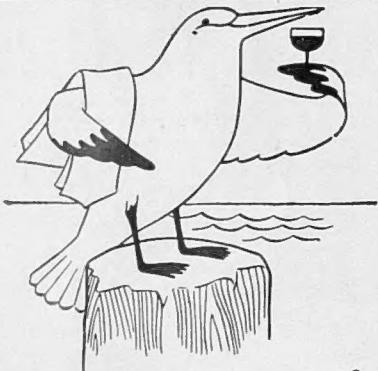
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Ingram House,
Strand, London,
W.C.2.



*SELLING or BUYING?
be sure to put your
Classified Advertisement in*

The TATLER



Classified Advertisements are set under these headings:

PERSONAL	EDUCATIONAL
BEAUTY	TRAVEL
HAIRDRESSERS	GARDENING
CORSETS	DOGS, HORSES, etc.
FURS	PROPERTY
DRESSMAKING	HOTELS
TAILORING	SITUATIONS VACANT
DRESS FABRICS	SITUATIONS WANTED
DRESS AGENCIES	MISCELLANEOUS
JEWELLERY	

The Advertisement Manager of THE TATLER presents his compliments and draws your attention to the Classified Advertisements which appear on page 392 of this issue. These small advertisements are undoubtedly welcomed by readers and are useful to them, so that the interest is shared by both advertisers and readers. Whatever you have to sell (or wish to buy) your Classified Advertisement, set under the appropriate heading, will be well displayed at the economical rate of 1/- per word with a minimum of 15 words (Box number 1s. 6d. extra). Orders and enquiries should be addressed to:

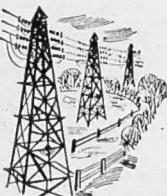
The Advertisement Manager
THE TATLER, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, WC2
or telephone Temple Bar 5444

British Achievements Speak for BRITAIN



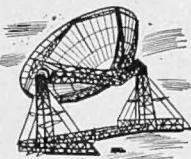
Parliaments

The Parliamentary system of Government is of purely British origin, and has been the model for government in all parts of the world.



Electricity

Electricity as we know it derives from the experiments of British scientist Michael Faraday. Today Britain has the world's most closely integrated electricity supply network: one atomic power station already in service, and eleven more under way.



Radar

First made operationally effective in Britain and developed into a war-winning defence weapon by British electronic engineers. At Jodrell Bank, Britain has now built—and operates—the world's most powerful radio telescope.



Television

The first public Television service in the world opened in Britain in 1932, based on British inventions and development.



“Operation Britain”

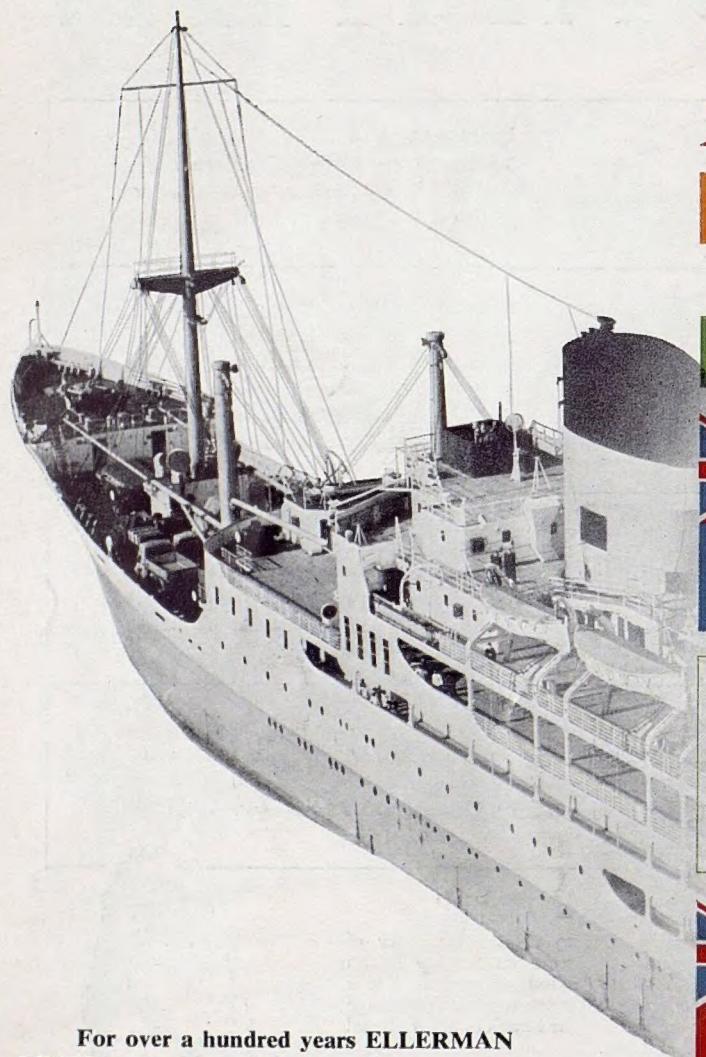
The organisation aims to tell the real story of Britain's achievements, to claim for the British people and for British industry the credit that is theirs; and by doing so to reinforce Britain's prestige throughout the world to the benefit of our trade and our standard of living.

The Operation Britain campaigns are appearing in the press; as posters; in the form of articles and an information service to home and foreign press and broadcasting units; and are supported by the quarterly publication 'Speaking for Britain' which goes to all parts of the world.

Operation Britain is a non-profit-making non-political organisation. To carry out its nationally important work a steady income is needed, and firms are encouraged to join in the task by becoming Corporate members at the annual subscription of ten guineas: individuals may become members for the sum of two guineas.

Corporate membership - 10 gns. Personal membership - 2 gns. Write for details of membership to THE OPERATION BRITAIN ORGANISATION
165 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4 (FLEet Street 5011)

This is an Operation Britain Announcement



For over a hundred years ELLERMAN LINES have pioneered world trade routes and we doubt the existence of a navigable waterway into which an ELLERMAN ship has not sailed or steamed. Today, the shipping services operated by the ELLERMAN group form a permanent link between the Continents of the World. For information on passenger and freight facilities, please communicate with ELLERMAN LINES, 12-20 Camomile St., London, E.C.3. Telephone: AVEnue 4311

ELLERMAN LINES



U.S.A.



China



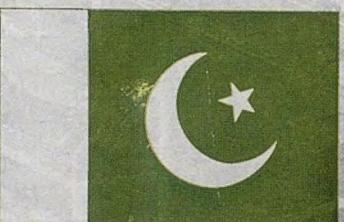
Philippines



India



New Zealand



Pakistan



Canada



South Africa



United Kingdom



Japan

Serve the world...